

BEAUTIES
OF
EMINENT WRITERS;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED
FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH

IN THE PROPER
READING AND RECITING

OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

CALCULATED ALSO

To instil into the Mind the Principles of Wisdom and Virtue, and to give it an early Taste for the Acquisition of Useful Knowledge. To which is now added, a concise System of English Grammar, with Exercises in Orthography.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

SOLD SEPARATELY OR TOGETHER.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE CLASSES.*

BY
WILLIAM SCOTT,
TEACHER OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND GEOGRAPHY
IN EDINBURGH.

VOLUME SECOND.

THIRD EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR PETER HILL, EDINBURGH;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, LONDON.

M,DCC,XCV.

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Entered in Stationer's Hall-

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BEAUTIES
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PART I.

CONCISE PASSAGES.

SECTION I.

RULES AND EXERCISES, CALCULATED IN A PECULIAR
MANNER FOR THE SPEEDY ATTAINMENT OF A NA-
TURAL, SPIRITED, AND GRACEFUL EXPRESSION IN
READING AND SPEAKING.

RULE I.

ANTITHESIS, or contrast, should be pronounced with
such emphasis on the words opposed, and with such
changes of voice, as will make the opposition sufficient-
ly striking.

EXERCISES.

1. *Cowards opposed to the Valiant.*

COWARDS die many times: the valiant never taste of
death but once.

Shakespeare.

2. *Different Capacities.*

THERE seem to be some souls suited to great, and
others to little employments; some formed to soar aloft,
A and

and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow sphere. Of these, the one is always in danger of becoming useless by a daring negligence, the other by a scrupulous solicitude: the one collects many ideas, but confused and indistinct; the other is buried in minute accuracy, but without compass, and without dignity. *Johnson.*

3. *Exercise and Temperance.*

WHERE opportunities of exercise are wanting, temperance may in a great measure supply its place. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours; and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it. *Addison.*

4. *Literary Fame.*

VARIOUS kinds of literary fame seem destined to various measures of duration. Some spread into exuberance with a very speedy growth, but soon wither and decay; some rise more slowly, but last long: Parnassus has its flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its oaks of towering height, and its laurels of eternal verdure.

Johnson.

5. *Discretion and Cunning.*

AT the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them; cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed: discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minute

nutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

Addison,

6. *Pleasure and Pain.*

THERE were two families, which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure; who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain; who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

Addison.

7. *The Wise Man and the Foolish.*

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly!—The latter, is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental: the former, beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields; and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

Addison.

8. *Nature and Art, &c.*

ALL nature is but art unknown to thee:
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.

Pope.

9. *Riches and Reputation.*

GOOD name, in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

A 2

Who

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thousands :
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Othello.

RULE II.

IN enumeration, distinctness with regard to pausing, and spirit and variety with regard to emphasis and inflexion, should be particularly aimed at.

EXERCISES.

1. Importance of Education.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry ; which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it.

Addison.

2. Christianity.

IT is owing to our having imbibed false notions of virtue, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it, at first view, all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic.

Spectator.

3. Advantages of History.

THE advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds ; as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

Hume.

4. Sincerity defined.

SINCERITY is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

Tillotson.

5. *Time absurdly wasted.*

THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.

Addison.

6. *Friendship.*

No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Addison.

7. *The Human Face.*

I WOULD desire the fair sex to consider how difficult it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair, as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light: in short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and, when we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbands, and bone lace.

Addison.

8. *The Traveller.*

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains

plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest ; he was animated with hope ; he was incited by desire ; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices : he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills ; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring : all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart. *Johnson.*

9. *Blessings of Nature.*

NATURE seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interests. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes ; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan. *Addison.*

10. *Advantages of Commerce.*

TRAFFIC not only gives us a great variety of what is useful, but, at the same time, supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate ; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines ; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan ; our morning's draught comes to

to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the Spice-islands our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk-weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. *Addison.*

11. *Importance of Merchants.*

FOR these reasons, there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep. *Addison.*

12. *Instruction.*

DELIGHTFUL task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast. *Thomson.*

13. *Industry.*

ALL is the gift of industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy, hears
The excluded tempest idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him, Summer were an arid waste;
Nor, to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song. *Thomson.*

14. *Necessity of Labour.*

———Even nature lives by toil;

Beast,

Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds;
 All live by action. Man is born to care;
 Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. Hence utility
 Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
 Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thoughts;
 Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
 Delectable.———

Dyer.

15. *Different Ages.*

BEHOLD the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
 And cards and counters are the toys of age.

Pope.

16. *Newton, Shakespeare, and Milton.*

LET Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
 To mortals lent to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
 A genius, universal as his theme,
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.

Thomson.

RULE III.

WHILE the sense is suspended in a sentence, the emphasis should be very moderate: where the suspension ends, the voice should be kept up, with a remarkable pause: the concluding part of the sentence, in which the meaning fully appears, should be pronounced with considerable force and animation.

EXERCISES.

CONCISE EXERCISES.

EXERCISES.

1. *Person and Behaviour.*

As beauty of person, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in observing that all the parts have a certain elegance, and are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behaviour obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions.

Spectator.

2. *Love of the World.*

SINCE it is certain that our hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them, while we are in the midst of them.

Spectator.

3. *Virtue.*

WHEN a man has got such a great and exalted soul, as that he can look upon life and death, riches and poverty, with indifference, and closely adhere to Honesty, in whatever shape she presents herself; then it is that Virtue appears with such a brightness, as that all the world must admire her beauties.

Cicero.

4. *Bad Delivery.*

To hear a judicious and elegant discourse from the pulpit, which would in print make a noble figure, murdered by him who had learning and taste to compose it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a tone between singing and saying, or with a nod of his head, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unanimated monotony in which he was used to repeat *Quae genus* at Westminster-school; what can be imagined more lamentable? yet what more common!

Burgh.

5. *Nature and Art.*

HAVING already shown how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complete each other in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder; I shall in this paper throw together some reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency than any other, to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination which have hitherto been the subject of this discourse.

Spectator.

6. *Good and Evil.*

THE causes of good and evil are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen; that he who would fix his condition upon incontestible reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating.

Johnson.

7. *Ignorance of Man.*

He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

Pope.

8. *Fame.*

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But, if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice;
And, if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
Or, if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;—
Then teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.

Unblemish'd

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown :
O, grant me honest fame, or grant me none.

Pope.

RULE IV.

THE matter contained in a parenthesis should be pronounced in a key somewhat different from the rest of the sentence, generally lower; it should, also, in general, be uttered less forcibly and quicker, and with a short pause at the beginning and end of it.

EXERCISES.

1. *Good Sense.*

THOUGH good sense is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned, in the company of the sciences, yet is it (as the most sensible of poets has justly observed) fairly worth the seven.

Melmoth.

2. *Self-love.*

IF envious people were to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c.)—I presume the self-love common to human nature would generally make them prefer their own condition.

Shenstone.

3. *Opera.*

THE opera (in which action is joined with music in order to entertain the eye at the same time with the ear) I must beg leave (with all due submission to the taste of the great) to consider as a forced conjunction of two things which nature does not allow to go together.

Burgh.

4. *Speaking.*

As to my own abilities in speaking (for I shall admit this charge, although experience hath convinced me, that what is called the power of eloquence depends for the most part upon the hearers, and that the characters of public

public speakers are determined by that degree of favour which you vouchsafe to each), if long practice, I say, hath given me any proficiency in speaking, you have ever found it devoted to my country. *Demosthenes.*

5. *An accomplished young Gentleman.*

His years are young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman. *Shakespeare.*

6. *Angels.*

FORTHWITH (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning's glimpse, they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods; and, by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. *Paradise Lost.*

RULE V.

IN pronouncing questions, care should be taken to give them the tone peculiar to them, and to raise or sink the voice properly at the conclusion. The following rule generally holds:—If a question be introduced or governed by a verb, the voice should rise at the close; in any other case, it should fall.

EXERCISES.

1. *The Moon under an Eclipse.*

ONE day, when the Moon was under an eclipse, she complained thus to the Sun of the discontinuance of his favours.

favours. My dearest friend, said she, why do you not shine upon me as you used to do? Do I not shine upon thee? said the Sun: I am very sure that I intend it. O no! replies the Moon: but I now perceive the reason. I see that dirty planet the Earth has got between us.

Dodley's Fables.

2. *Majesty.*

SEARCHING every kingdom for the man who has the least comfort in life, where is he to be found?—In the royal palace.—What! His Majesty? Yes; especially if he be despotic.

Art of Thinking.

3. *The Passenger and Pilot.*

A CERTAIN passenger at sea had the curiosity to ask the pilot of the vessel, what death his father died of. What death! said the pilot; why, he perished at sea, as my grandfather did before him. And are you not afraid of trusting yourself to an element that has proved thus fatal to your family? Afraid! by no means: is not your father dead? Yes; but he died in his bed. And why then, returned the pilot, are you not afraid of trusting yourself to your bed?

Art of Thinking.

4. *Immortality of the Soul.*

Is it credible, is it possible, that the mighty soul of a Newton should share exactly the same fate with the vilest insect that crawls upon the ground; that, after having laid open the mysteries of Nature, and pushed its discoveries almost to the very boundaries of the universe, it should, on a sudden, have all its lights at once extinguished, and sink into everlasting darkness and insensibility?

Spectator.

5. *Importance of a good Delivery in Speaking.*

SUPPOSE a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the bar, of appearing upon the stage or in the pulpit; does it follow, that he need bestow no pains in learning to speak properly his native language? Will he never have occasion to read, in a

B

company

company of his friends, a copy of verses, a passage of a book or newspaper? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the *Whole Duty of Man*, for the instruction of his children and servants?—Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life. The limbs are parts of the body much less noble than the tongue; yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expence of time and money to have his son taught to use them properly: which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the tongue, the glory of man?

Burgh.

6. *Incitement to Action.*

WHEN will you, my countrymen; when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you?—What think you of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or, do you wait for somewhat more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece?

Demosthenes.

7. *Mental Beauty.*

WHAT is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No:—those at first the unwary heart may gain;
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

Gay.

8. *Achilles to Ulysses.*

WRONG'D in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.

Ye

Ye have my answer.—What remains to do ?
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make ?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake ?
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound ?
 And will not these, the wonders he has done,
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son ? *Homer.*

R U L E VI.

IN a climax (or progressive increase of meaning) the emphasis and animation should be gradually increased, according to the importance of the particulars.

EXERCISES.

1. *Extensive View of Conduct.*

CONSULT your whole nature. Consider yourselves, not only as sensitive, but as rational beings ; not only as rational, but social ; not only as social, but immortal. *Blair.*

2. *Amiability of Virtue.*

TULLY has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts, to show how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man, says he, who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit ; nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story ; nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity. *Speutator.*

3. *Pleasure of commanding our Passions.*

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others : it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves : it is pleasant to mortify and subdue

subdue our irregular desires, because that is victory: it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion, because that is empire. *Tillotson.*

4. *Popular Prejudices.*

It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular, neither, to take away any of the privileges of parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your Lordships may remember, that not long ago the popular cry was for the extension of privilege; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said that privilege protected members even in criminal actions; nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinged with that doctrine.

Lord Mansfield.

5. *Heavenly Bodies.*

WHEN we survey the earth, and the several planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing astonishment, to see so many worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their axes in such amazing pomp and solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild fields of ether that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed stars, and run abroad almost to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with so immense a prospect, and puts itself upon the stretch to comprehend it. But, if we rise yet higher, and consider the fixed stars as so many vast oceans of flame that are each of them attended with a different set of planets, and still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable depths of ether, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our telescopes, we are lost in such a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the immensity and magnificence of nature. *Addison.*

6. *Influence of Self-love.*

SELF-LOVE but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake :
The centre moved, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next ; and next, all human race. *Pope.*

7. *Incitements to Fortitude,*

SINK not beneath imaginary sorrows ;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom :
Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;
Think on the various accidents of war ;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue ;
Think on that Providence that guards the good. *Johnson.*

R U L E VII.

THE strength, tone, and other qualities of the voice, should agree with the nature of the composition, and the various particulars mentioned.

EXERCISES.

I. Passages requiring uncommon strength and fullness of voice.

1. *In praise of Pompey.*

WHERE is the man that possesses, or indeed can be required to possess, greater abilities in war, than Pompey ? One who has fought more pitched battles than others have maintained personal disputes ! carried on more wars than others have acquired knowledge of by reading ! reduced more provinces than others have aspired to even in thought ! whose youth was trained to the profession of arms, not by precepts derived from others, but by the highest offices of command ; not by personal mistakes

mistakes in war, but by a train of important victories ; not by a series of campaigns, but by a succession of triumphs !

Cicero.

2. *Against Mark Antony.*

As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, Antony, the seed of this most calamitous war.— You mourn, O Romans, that three of your armies have been slaughtered—they were slaughtered by Antony : you lament the loss of your most illustrious citizens—they were torn from you by Antony : the authority of this order is deeply wounded—it is wounded by Antony : in short, all the calamities we have ever since beheld (and what calamities have we not beheld ?) have been entirely owing to Antony. As Helen was of Troy, so the bane, the misery, the destruction of this state is—Antony.

Cicero.

3. *A Winter Flood.*

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along.
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
Then o'er the sandy valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Thomson.

4. *Satan's Arrival at the Gates of Hell.*

MEANWHILE the adversary of God and man
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes,
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left !
Now, shaves, with level wing, the deep ; then, soars
Up to the fiery concave. At last, appear

Hell

Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof.
Thrice threefold were the gates: three folds were brass;
Three iron; three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd.

Milton.

5. *Chaos.*

ON heavenly ground they stood; and, from the shore,
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Milton.

6. *Michael and Satan.*

THEY ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable: for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power; for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven!
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood
In horror.

Milton.

7. *Battle of the Angels.*

———Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict: over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault,

And

And unextinguishable rage : all heaven
Resounded ; and, had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook.

Milton.

8. *Alexander boasting his passing the Granicus.*

My arm a nobler victory ne'er gain'd ;
And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain.
Can none remember ?—Yes, I know all must :
When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood ;
When Fortune's self my standard, trembling, bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighten'd on the shore ;
When all the immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god.

Lee's Alexander.

9. *Macbeth to the Witches.*

I CONJURE you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down ;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken—answer me
To what I ask you.

Macbeth.

II. Passages requiring uncommon Smoothness and
Delicacy.

1. *The Hill of Knowledge.*

We shall conduct you to a hill-side, laborious, indeed,
at the first ascent ; but else, so smooth, so green, so full
of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side,
that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.

Milton.

2. *A fine Woman.*

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman. Even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathises with the regularity of the object in view; and, struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony.

Goldsmith.

3. *Belinda in her Barge.*

BUT now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play;
Belinda smiles, and all the world is gay.

Pope.

4. *Music.*

SHE said. In air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high; so loud, and yet so clear;
Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear:
To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Pope.

5. *A Calm at Sea.*

———WITH easy course

The vessels glide; unless their speed be stopp'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on these smooth seas,
While every zephyr sleeps. Then, the shrouds drop,
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold
Fused in the fire, or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide.

Dyer.

6. *Music and Moonlight.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Mercbt. of Venice.

7. *Love*

7. *Love and Music.*

If music be the food of love, play on :
 Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
 That strain again : it had a dying fall.
 O ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour.

*Twelfth Night.*8. *Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus.*

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes.—For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description. She did lie
 In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool.

*Shak. Ant. & Cleop.*III. *Passages requiring a slow and solemn utterance.*1. *Evening.*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world—to darkness, and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save,

Save, that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Gray.

2. *Midnight.*

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.—
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

Young.

3. *Scene in a Wood.*

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.—
How sweet, and solemn, is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star:
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves:
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a still sound.—
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Trag. of Douglas.

4. *Night in a Camp.*

Now, entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fill the wide vessel of the universe.—
From camp to camp,
The hum of either army stillly sounds,
That the fixed centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and, thro' their paly flames,
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.

Steed

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear: and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

Henry Fifth.

5. *Inscription on Shakespear's monument in Westminster Abbey.*

THE cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck behind.

Shak. Tempest.

IV. Passages requiring a sprightly manner of delivery.

1. *Speech of Mercutio in praise of Mirth.*

—LET me play the fool.—
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish?

Merchant of Venice.

2. *A variegated Prospect.*

EVER charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view?
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody vallies, warm and low;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky;
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
 The town and village, dome and farm;
 Each gives each a double charm.

Dyer.

3. *Eno.*

3. *Enlivening Sounds.*

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Dyer.

4. *The Goddesses of Mirth.*

—COME, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
Haste thee, nymph ; and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides ;
And Laughter, holding both his sides.

Milton.

V. Passages requiring an utterance strikingly varied.

1. *Homer and Virgil compared.*

HOMER was the greater genius ; Virgil the better artist : in the one, we most admire the man ; in the other, the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity ; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion ; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow ; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. Homer seems like his own Jupiter

ter in his terrours; shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens: Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence; counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

Pope.

2. *Princes brought up in obscurity.*

——— O, THOU Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough
(Their royal blood enchaſ'd) as the rude wind
That by the top doth take the mountain-pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale.

Cymbeline.

3. *The Theatre.*

DREAD o'er the ſcene the gholt of Hamlet ſtalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her ſoul in love.
Terrour alarms the breaſt: the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek. Or elſe, the comic Muſe
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes, ſly, the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes, ſhe liſts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil ſhow'd.

Thomſon.

4. *Verſification.*

TRUE eaſe, in writing, comes from art, not chance;
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence;
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe.
Soft is the ſtrain, when zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows.
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move ſlow:

Not

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
main. *Pope.*

5. *Influence of Education.*

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman ?—then he's fond of pow'r :
A Quaker ?—fly : a Presbyterian ?—sour :
A smart Free-thinker ?—all things in an hour.

}
Pope.

6. *Impertinence of Scribblers.*

BLESS me ! a packet !—" 'Tis a stranger sues ;
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it—" Furies, death, and rage !"
If I approve—" Commend it to the stage."
There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends :
The play'rs and I, are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him—" 'Sdeath ! I'll print it,
And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with Lintot."
" Lintot (dull rogue !) will think your price too
much."—
" Not, if you, Sir, revise it and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks :
At last he whispers—" Do, and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door—
" Sir, let me see you and your works no more." *Pope.*

7. *Variety in the Tastes of Men.*

—————DIFFERENT minds

Incline to diff'rent objects. One pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild :
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty.—Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground ;

When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air;
 And ocean, groaning from the lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superiour, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flowery stream,
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
 Of plantane shades; and, to the listening deer,
 The tale of flighted vows, and love's disdain,
 Resound, soft-warbling, all the live-long day.
 Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint melodious; mute the groves;
 And hill and dale, with all their echoes, mourn.—
 Such, and so various, are the tastes of men. *Akenfide.*

R U L E V I I I.

IN the expression of emotions and passions, endeavour to feel them, and to accompany that feeling with corresponding tones, looks, and gestures.

EXERCISES.

I. EXAMPLES OF ADMIRATION.

Panegyric on Man.

WHAT a piece of work is man! how noble in reason!
 how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how ex-
 press and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in
 apprehension, how like a god! *Hamlet.*

Charms of Music.

CAN any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.

How

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of Silence, through the empty-vaulted night !
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of Darkness, till it smil'd.

Milton's Comus.

2. CONTEMPT.

Horatio to Lothario.

AWAY !—no woman could descend so low.
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are.
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together ;
And, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.

Fair Penitent.

Satan to the Angel who discovers him in Paradise.

KNOW ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate
For you ; there sitting where you durst not soar :
Not to know me, argues yourself unknown,
The lowest of your throng ; or if you know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain ? *Par. Lost.*

3. JOY.

Altamont on his prospect of marrying Calista.

LET this auspicious day be ever sacred ;
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it :
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings ;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes ;
This happy day, that gives me my Calista.

Fair Penitent.

Speech of Calista's Father.

LET mirth go on ; let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up every minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves :

The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
 He shines for Altamont, and for Calista.—
 Take care my gates be open. Bid all welcome:
 All who rejoice with me to-day, are friends.
 Let each indulge his genius; each be glad,
 Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth.
 The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round;
 None shall be grave, or too severely wise:
 Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
 The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
 In wine shall be forgotten all. *Fair Penitent.*

4. GRIEF.

Henry VI. on his Son's Death.

SAY, friend, how does my queen? my son?
 Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.—
 Now would'st thou say—Your son did thus, and thus;
 And thus your queen; so fought the valiant *Oxford*;
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
 But, in the end, (to stop my ear indeed),
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with—queen, and son, and all, are dead.

Henry VI.

Lady Randolph, lamenting the Death of her Husband and Child.

O DOUGLAS, Douglas! tender was the time
 When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
 How many years of anguish and despair
 Has Heaven annex'd to those swift-passing hours
 Of love and fondness!—Wretch that I am!
 At every happy parent I repine.
 How bless'd the mother of yon gallant Norval!
 She for a living husband bore her pains,
 And heard him bless her when a man was born:
 She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast,
 Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:
 She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth

In

In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :
Whilst I—to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Douglas.

5. COURAGE.

Lord Randolph to Lady Randolph.

THOU speak'st a woman's ; hear a warrior's wish.
Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand !
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore. *Trog. of Doug.*

Hotspur impatient for Battle.

————— WHY, let them come !
They come like sacrifices in their trim ;
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
1st Henry IV.

6. FEAR.

Edgar describing Dover Cliff.

How fearful 'tis to cast one's eyes so low
The crows and choughs, that wing the mid-way air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down,
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than one's head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark
Seems lessen'd to a cock, her cock a buoy

Almost

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring furge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more,
Left my brain turn, and the disorder make me
Tumble down headlong. *Lear.*

On seeing an Imaginary Ghost.

AH! mercy on my soul! what is that? My old friend's
ghost? They say, none but wicked folks walk. I wish
I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. La! how pale, and
how long his face is grown since his death! He never
was handsome; and death has improved him very
much the wrong way.—Pray, do not come near me!
I wished you very well when you were alive. But I
could never abide a dead man cheek by jowl with me.
Ah, ah, mercy on us! no nearer, pray! If it be only to
take your leave of me, that you are come back, I could
have excused you the ceremony with all my heart.—
Or if you—mercy on us—no nearer, pray;—or if you
have wronged any body, as you always loved money a
little, I give you the word of a frightened Christian, I will
pray, as long as you please, for the deliverance and re-
pose of your departed soul. My good, worthy, noble
friend, do, pray, disappear, as ever you would wish
your old friend to come to his senses again!

Moliere's Blunderer.

7. LOVE.

Florizel to Perdita.

————— WHATE'ER you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
I'd have you do so ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell, give alms, and pray
In such sweet notes; and, ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: or, when you dance,
Like a smooth wave by gentlest winds heav'd up,
So move you to the music's dulcet breath,
That I could wish the motion were perpetual.

Winter's Tale.

Ferdinand

Ferdinand to Miranda.

ADMIR'D Miranda! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil; but you, O you!
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Shak. Tempest.

8. H A T R E D.

Shylock speaking of Antonio.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice:
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls usury. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

Merch. of Venice.

9. P I T Y.

Richard II.'s reception, on his being led a Prisoner into London by Bolingbroke.

As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard. No man, cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;

But

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,
(His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience),
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him. *Richard II.*

Shore's tenderness for his Wife.

CAN she bear it ? Can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude ?
Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd,
To court her appetite and crown her board,
Entreat for bread, and want the needful raiment
To wrap her shivering bosom from the weather ?—
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her :
I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the Spring
Too rough to breathe upon her ; cheerfulness
Danc'd all the day before her ; and, at night,
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow.
Now, sad and shelterless, perhaps she lies,
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,
Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.
Frag. of Jane Shore.

10. ANGER.

King Lear to Kent.

HEAR me, rash man ; on thy allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
We banish thee for ever from our sight
And kingdom. If, when three days are expir'd,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death.—Away !
By Jupiter this shall not be revok'd. *Lear.*

Romeo's Speech, on hearing of his friend being slain by Tybalt.

ALIVE ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !

Away

Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company ;
And thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

Romeo and Juliet.

II. REVENGE.

Shylock speaking of the pound of flesh forfeited by Antonio.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. *Merch. of Venice.*

Zanga to Alonzo.

Thou see'st a prince whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person thou'st profan'd,
Whose reign extinguish'd. What was left to me,
So highly born ?—No kingdom, but revenge ;
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans. *Revenge.*

12. JEALOUSY.

*Speech of Alonzo, on entering the Bower to murder his
Wife Leonora.*

YE amaranths ! ye roses, like the morn !
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves !
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower !
Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st—
A murderer ! Oh, I shall stain thy lilies,
And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.

—————Ha ! the sleeps————

The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze——
Oh, what a sight is here ! how dreadful fair !—
Who would not think that being innocent !—
Where shall I strike ?—Who strikes her strikes himself—
My own life-blood will issue at her wound.—
But see, she smiles !—I never shall smile more—
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss——
Ha ! smile again !—She dreams of him she loves.—
Curse on her charms !—Ill stab her through them all.

Revenge.

SECTION

SECTION II.

ADDITIONAL CONCISE PASSAGES.

I. From ADDISON.

1. *English Orators.*

MOST foreign writers, who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow that the people are, in general, naturally modest. It proceeds, perhaps, from this our national virtue, that our orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock-still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us.

2. *Animation in Speaking.*

IT is certain, that proper gestures and exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters; and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the same time that they show the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others.

3. *Manufacture of Paper.*

IT is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes in the manufacture of paper. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return, in the shape of letters, to their native country. A lady's handkerchief may be metamorphosed into billet-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may, by this means, be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

4. *Modesty becoming in a Public Speaker.*

NOTWITHSTANDING an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite in an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us, that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration, without trembling and concern. It is, indeed, a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails

to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks.

5. *Ridicule.*

THE talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters: but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities! to observe his imperfections more than his virtues! and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement!

6. *Gratitude due to the Supreme Being.*

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the Author of all good, and the Father of mercies.

7. *Commerce.*

IT is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, as to be incapable of filling some station or other in life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchants are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

8. *Cultivation of Taste.*

THE most natural method for the cultivating and improving of taste, is to be conversant among the writings

of the most polite authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

9. *Pleasures of a polite Imagination.*

A MAN of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures which the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him indeed a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures; so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

10. *The Superintendence of God, a source of comfort.*

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes: he is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them. It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of One who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

11. *Religion no enemy to Cheerfulness.*

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections,

fections, but to regulate them: it may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are, in their own nature, so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes the soul: it banishes, indeed, all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth; but, in exchange, fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

12. *Trust in God.*

I KNOW but one way of fortifying my soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole course of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care: when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help; and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

13. *Lessons of Mortality.*

WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of

the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes; I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

II. From JOHNSON.

1. *Compilation useful.*

PARTICLES of science are often very widely scattered. Writers of extensive comprehension have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known, because they are not promised in the title. He that collects these under proper heads, is very laudably employed; for, though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and, by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs.

2. *Task of an Author.*

THE task of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or to vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions; to spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return and take a second view of things hastily passed over or negligently regarded.

3. *Language.*

LANGUAGE is the dress of thought : and, as the noblest mien, or most graceful action, would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employments of rustics or mechanics ; so the most heroic sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

4. *Intellectual Powers.*

THERE are men whose powers operate at leisure and in retirement, and whose intellectual vigour deserts them in conversation ; whom merriment confuses, and objection disconcerts ; whose bashfulness restrains their exertion, and suffers them not to speak till the time of speaking is past ; or whose attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter, at hazard, what has not been considered, and could not be recalled.

5. *Familiar Intercourse.*

A WISE and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect ; but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumbers all minds from awe and solicitude, invites the modest to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence.

6. *Youth and Old Age.*

YOUTH is of no long duration ; and, in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, while to stop is in our power. Let us live as men, who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful
of

of all evils, to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced.

7. *Prudence.*

THOSE, who, in confidence of superiour capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge uselefs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

8. *Prosperity has its disadvantages.*

PROSPERITY, as truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers, by inactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which, therefore, the true value cannot be assigned. Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind.

9. *Conversation.*

AFTER the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be, that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than a desire to be pleased.

10. *How we should be affected by the misery of others.*

IF misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be revered; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied; and if

of

of vice, not to be insulted ; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced ; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

11. *Effects of Perseverance.*

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion : yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties ; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

12. *Against Profuseness.*

THE proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences, by the profusion of sums, too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life : he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

13. *Art of Happiness.*

ONE of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is, to free our minds from the habits of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn.

lorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

14. *Riches no Equivalent for Virtue or Peace of Mind.*

WHOEVER shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such, as that he should hazard his quiet, much less his virtue, to obtain them: for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice; a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

15. *Forgiveness of Injuries recommended.*

A WISE man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress, and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another;—may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings; among those who are guilty without reward; who have neither the gladness of prosperity, nor the calm of innocence.

16. *Address to Health.*

HEALTH, most venerable of the powers of Heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be passeth, nor do thou refuse to bless me with thy residence; for, whatever there is of beauty or of pleasure in wealth, in descendants, or in sovereign command, the highest summit of human enjoyment, or in those objects of desire which we endeavour to chase in the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever solace is granted by the
celestials

celestials to soften our fatigues—in thy presence, thou Parent of happiness! all those joys spread out and flourish; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure; and, without thee, no man is happy.

III. From SHAKESPEARE.

1. *Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.*

—— WHO shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many, then, should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

Merch. of Venice.

2. *Portia's Picture.*

WHAT find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit!—What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move those eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends!—Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to intrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!
How could he see to do them; having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinished.

Merch. of Venice.

3. *In praise of Mercy.*

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;

It

It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt: it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown.
 His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
 The attribute to awe and majeſty,
 Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings.
 But mercy is above the ſcepter'd ſway:
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
 It is an attribute to God himſelf;
 And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
 When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
 That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
 Should ſee ſalvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. *Mench. of Venice.*

4. *The Deceit of Ornament or Appearance.*

THE world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
 But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
 What damned errour, but ſome ſober brow
 Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the groſſeneſs with fair ornament?
 There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as false
 As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward ſearch'd, have livets white as milk!
 So are thoſe criſped, ſnaky, golden locks,
 Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
 To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
 The ſkull that bred them in the ſepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the gilded ſhore
 To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty: in a word,

The

The seeming truth which cunning time puts on
To entrap the wisest. *Merch. of Venice.*

5. *Hamlet, on his Father's Picture.*

SEE what a grace was seated on this brow !
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station, like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man, *Hamlet.*

6. *A Father's Advice to his Son going to Travel.*

—GIVE hasty thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear't, that the oppos'd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :—
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This, above all,—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man. *Hamlet.*

7. *Youth cautioned against indulgence in Pleasure.*

BE heedful, youth, and see you stop betimes ;
Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
O'erleaping duty, and each due regard,

E

Hurry

Hurry thee on, through short-liv'd dear-bought pleasures,
To cureless woes and lasting penitence. *Rom. & Juliet.*

8. *Description of an Apothecary and his Shop.*

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples. Meagre were his looks:
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And, in his needy shop, a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and, about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.

Rom. & Juliet.

9. *Concealed Love.*

— SHE never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night.

10. *A Gallant Warrior.*

I SAW young Harry with his beaver up,
His carries on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

1st Henry IV.

11. *Prince Henry's Speech on the Death of Hotspur.*

— PERCY, fare thee well;
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound :
 But now—two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
 Bears not alive so brave a gentleman.—
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven :
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remembered in thy epitaph. *1st Henry IV.*

12. *Complaint of Unkindness in a Friend.*

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us ; O ! and is all forgot ?
 All school-days friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion :
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together ;
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 And join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
Midst. Night's Dream.

13. *Great Men's Abuse of Power.*

COULD great men thunder,
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
 For every pelting, petty officer,
 Would use his heaven for thunder ;
 Nothing but thunder.—Merciful Heaven !
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
 Than the soft myrtle : O, but man ! proud man,
 Drest in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
 As makes the angels weep. *Meas. for Meas.*

14. *Marius reproving the Plebeians for rejoicing on account of Caesar.*

WHEREFORE rejoice?—what conquests brings he home?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive-bonds his chariot-wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
 O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time, and oft,
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms; and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
 And do you now put on your best attire,
 And do you now cull out an holiday,
 And do you now grew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood!
 Begone—
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
 That needs must light on this ingratitude. *Jul. Caesar.*

15. *Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the advantages of Adversity.*

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile; and say,
 'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life exempt from public haunt,

Finds

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

As You Like It.

IV. From THOMSON.

1. *The Rural Seat.*

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs,
In early spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his officer-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens, while the peacock spreads
His every-coloured glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

2. *Other Rural Objects.*

HOME, from his morning talk, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;

Where, on the mingling boughs, they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant grey-hound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er bill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
 They starting snap.

3. *Amanda invited to a Morning Walk.*

Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, *Amanda*, come, pride of my song!
 Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself!
 Come, with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks denture, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart.
 O come! and, while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

4. *A Fall of Water.*

SMOOTH, to the shelving brink, a copious flood
 Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 Then, whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-responding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
 Assant the hollowed channel rapid darts;
 And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,

With

With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

5. *Effects of Industry.*

THEN Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Rowed, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep, the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence, ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

6. *British Beauty.*

MAY my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when, dress'd in love,
She sits high, smiling in the conscious eye.

7. *Swimming.*

CHEER'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below ;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge ; and, thro' the obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

8. *Winter.*

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train ;
 Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms !
 Congenial horrors, hail ! With frequent foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
 When, nurs'd by careless solitude, I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain ;
 Trode the pure virgin snows, myself as pure ;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till, thro' the lucid chambers of the south,
 Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

9. *A Prayer.*

FATHER of light and life ! Thou Good supreme !
 O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

V. From MILTON.

1. *Description of Satan.*

——He, above the rest
In shape and gesture, proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower : his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd. — As when the sun, new ris'n,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams ; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs : darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel. But his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate pride,
Waiting revenge.

2. *Paradise.*

So on he fares ; and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now near, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd ; and, over head, up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene ! and, as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprang ;
Which, to our general eye, gave prospect large
Into his nether empire, neighb'ring round :

And,

And, higher than that wall, a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape! and, of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
These balmy spoils.

3. *Evening in Paradise.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were sunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She, all night long, her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd.—Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And, o'er the dark, her silver mantle threw.

4. *The Bower of Paradise.*

Thus talking, hand in hand they pass'd
On to their blissful bower. It was a place
Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use. The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin;

Rear'd

Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic: under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground; more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man!

5. *Adam's account of Himself on his Creation.*

STRAIGHT toward heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky; till, rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd
With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran,
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I try'd, and forthwith spake:
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light;
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay;
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move; fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself: by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have, that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.

6. *His Description of Eve.*

UNDER his forming hands a creature grew,
Man like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now

Mean,

Mean, or in her sum'm'd up, in her contain'd
 And in her looks ; which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.

VI. From various Authors.

1. *Good Humour.*

O, BLEST with temper ! whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to day :
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
 Claims by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

Pope.

2. *Filial Affection.*

ME, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age ;
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death ;
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky.

Pope.

3. *Description of Man.*

Know thou thyself, presume not God to scan ;
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast ;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;

Chaos

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Pope.

4. *The Lady at her Toilet.*

AND, now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears :
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears.
The inferiour priestess, at the altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear :
From each, she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise, here, and elephant, unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair, each moment, rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face.

Pope.

5. *On the love of Praise.*

THE love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows, in every heart.
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells :
'Tis tory, whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades :

It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead :
Nor ends with life ; but nods in fable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs. *Young.*

6. *Sleep.*

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays :
Where Fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes :
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear. *Young.*

7. *Folly of trusting to Futurity.*

IN human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?
Where is to-morrow ? in another world.
For numbers this is certain ; the reverse
Is sure to none : and yet, on this Perhaps,
This Peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain-hopes ; spin out eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire. *Young.*

8. *Rational Pleasure.*

PLEASURE, we all agree, is man's chief good ;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what hath pass'd
The authentic seal of reason, and defies
The tooth of time ; when past, a pleasure still ;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy. *Young.*

9. *Procrastination.*

AT thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay ;
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re resolves—then dies the same ! *Young.*

10. *On the Art of Printing.*

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
 Thou god of our idolatry, the press ?
 By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
 Exert their influence, and advance their cause ;
 By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land beset,
 Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell :
 Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise ;
 Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies ;
 Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
 Knowledge of good and evil is from thee. *Cowper.*

11. *Address to Liberty.*

O! COULD I worship aught beneath the skies,
 That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
 With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
 Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
 The peep of morning shed a dawning light ;
 Again, when evening, in her sober vest,
 Drew the gray curtain of the fading west ;
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days :
 But that were sacrilege :—praise is not thine,
 But His who gave thee, and preserves thee mine. *Cowper.*

12. *Description of a good Preacher.*

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design,
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain ;
 And plain in manner : decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture : much impress'd
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge.

And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too : affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.

Cowper.

13. *The happy and innocent abode.*

ETERNAL blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian faints attend :
 Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
 'To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair.
 And every stranger finds a ready chair :
 Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

Goldsmith.

14. *Retirement.*

O, BLEST retirement ! friend to life's decline !
 Retreats from care that never must be mine !
 How bless'd is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour, with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
 For him, no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from his gate :
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave, with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And, all his prospects brightning to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Goldsmith.

15. *Sense and Virtue.*

'TIS not for mortals always to be blest :
 But him the least the dull or painful hours

OF

Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
 And virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin :
 Virtue and sense are one: and trust me, he
 Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
 To noblest uses this determines wealth :
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;
 The peace and shelter of adversity :
 And, if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation ; which the secret shock
 Defies of envy and all-sapping time.
 The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Armstrong.

16. *Resistless force of Time.*

WHAT does not fade ? The tower that long had stood
 The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base ;
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk :
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones ;
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun :
 The sun himself shall die ; and ancient night
 Again involve the desolate abyss :
 Till the great FATHER, through the lifeless gloom,
 Extend his arm to light another sun,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.

Armstrong.

17. *Venus.*

THUS having said, she turn'd, and made appear,
 Her neck resplendent, and dishevell'd hair,
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around :

In length of train descends her sweeping gown ;
And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love is known.
Virgil.

18. *Jupiter.*

HE spoke, and awful bends his fable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god :
High heaven, with trembling, the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook. *Homer.*

19. *A Simile.*

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds,
At every shock the crackling wood resounds ;
Still gathering force, it smokes, and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down impetuous to the plain,
There stops—so Hector : their whole force he prov'd :
Resistless when he rag'd ; and, when he stopp'd, un-
mov'd. *Homer.*

20. *Paris challenging the Grecians.*

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, impatient of command ;
When, to the van, before the sons of fame,
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came ;
In form a god ! The panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride :
His bended bow across his shoulders flung ;
His sword beside him negligently hung :
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race. *Homer.*

21. *Description of a Moon-light Night.*

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,

And

And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light. *Homer.*

22. *Sublime Description.*

THEN Jove, from Ida's top, his horror spreads ;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads :
 Thick lightnings flash ; the muttering thunder rolls ;
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls :
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire,
 The god in terrors, and the skies on fire. *Homer.*

PART

PART II.

PIECES OF CONSIDERABLE LENGTH.

SECTION I.

PIECES IN PROSE.

ON ORATORY.

How much stress was laid upon pronunciation, or delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators, Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quintilian; when being asked, What was the first point in oratory? he answered, Delivery: and being asked, What was the second? and afterwards, What was the third? he still answered, Delivery. It is no wonder that he should have rated this so highly, and that, for improving himself in it, he should have employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the ancients take so much notice of. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and gesture, in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferiour arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end
of

of all public speaking, Persuasion; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those, whose only aim it is to please.

For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now, the tone of our voice, our looks, and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impression they make on others, is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments, made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of Pronunciation and Delivery; and he, who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and emphasis, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us, that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves. His delivery may be such, as to give the lie to all that he asserts. In Shakespeare's *Richard II.* the Duchess of York thus impeaches the sincerity of her husband:

Pleads he in earnest?—Look upon his face:
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are jest:

His

His words come from his mouth ; ours, from our breast :
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart and soul.

To be an eloquent speaker, in the proper sense of the word, is far from being either a common or an easy attainment. True eloquence is a great exertion of the human powers. It is the art of being persuasive and commanding ; the art, not of pleasing the fancy merely, but of speaking both to the understanding and to the heart ; of interesting the hearers in such a degree, as to seize and carry them along with us ; and to leave them with a deep and strong impression of what they have heard. How many talents, natural and acquired, must concur in carrying this to perfection ! A strong, lively, and warm imagination ; quick sensibility of heart, joined with solid judgment, good sense, and presence of mind ; all improved by great and long attention to style and composition ; and supported also by the exterior, yet important qualifications, of a graceful manner, a presence not ungainly, and a full and tunable voice. How little reason to wonder, that a perfect and accomplished orator should be one of the characters that is most rarely to be found !

Let us not despair, however. Between mediocrity and perfection there is a very wide interval. There are many intermediate spaces, which may be filled up with honour ; and the more rare and difficult that complete perfection is, the greater is the honour of approaching to it, though we do not fully attain it. The number of orators who stand in the highest class, is perhaps smaller than the number of poets who are foremost in poetic fame ; but the study of oratory has this advantage above that of poetry, that, in poetry, one must be an eminently good performer, or he is not supportable. In eloquence this does not hold. There, one may possess a moderate station with dignity. Eloquence admits of a great many different forms ; plain and simple, as well as high and pathetic : and a genius that cannot reach the latter, may shine with much reputation and usefulness in the former.

Whether

Whether nature or art contribute most to form an orator, is a trifling inquiry. In all attainments whatever, nature must be the prime agent. She must bestow the original talents. She must sow the seeds; but culture is requisite for bringing those seeds to perfection. Nature must always have done somewhat; but a great deal will always be left to be done by art. This is certain, that study and discipline are more necessary for the improvement of natural genius in oratory, than they are in poetry. What I mean is, that though poetry be capable of receiving assistance from critical art, yet a poet, without any aid from art, by the force of genius alone, can rise higher than a public speaker can do, who has never given attention to the rules of style, composition, and delivery. Homer formed himself; Demosthenes and Cicero were formed by the help of much labour, and of many assistances, derived from the labour of others.

Blair.

II. IMPORTANCE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and, without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become.

The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity, in every future state to which

which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation; and fits us for conversing with any order of superiour natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to him, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superiour beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The farther any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence.—To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe, it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature, and it is the very object that makes Him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it! There is no argument or motive in any respect fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost.

Price.

III. DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, BY COLUMBUS, A NATIVE OF GENOA, IN THE SERVICE OF SPAIN.

On Friday, the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Columbus set sail, a little before sun-rise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished,

ed, rather than expected. His Squadron, if it merit that name, consisted of no more than three small vessels, having on board ninety men, mostly sailors, together with a few adventurers, who followed the fortune of Columbus, and some gentlemen of the Spanish court, whom the queen appointed to accompany him. He steered directly for the Canary islands; from which, after refitting his ships and supplying himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure on the sixth day of September.

Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual tract of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but, on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, already dejected and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth, in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers, taught Columbus, that he must prepare to struggle, not only with the unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and an enterprising courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined, to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring the direction of those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for com-
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mand, were accompanied with that superiour knowledge of his profession which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger.

After a voyage of four weeks, during which Columbus found it extremely difficult to restrain the mutinous disposition of his men, the presages of discovering land became so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed, not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and strict watch to be kept, lest the ships should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to two of his people. All three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *land, land*, was heard from the *Pinta*. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, they were now become slow of belief, and waited, in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience, for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, their doubts and fears were dispelled; they beheld an island about two leagues to the north,

north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented to them the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy, and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to the other, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun rose, all the boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, warlike music, and other martial pomp; and, as they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, and whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superiour order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their features singular, rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces and other parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first, through fear; but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk's bells, glass beads, and other baubles; in return for which, they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ships, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.—Thus, in the first interview between
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the inhabitants of the Old and the New Worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from those regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were now approaching their country.

Robertson.

IV. ARGUMENTS AGAINST ANGER.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of thy anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity; and thought that he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will scarce allow us to conjecture. From anger, in its full import, protracted into malevolence, and exerted in revenge, arise, indeed, many of the evils to which the life of man is exposed. By anger, operating upon power, are produced the subversion of cities, the desolation of countries, the massacre of nations, and all those dreadful and astonishing calamities which fill the histories of the world, and which could not be read at any distant point of time, when the passions stand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to its natural force, without some doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not see the same causes still tending to the same effects, and only acting with less vigour, for want of the same concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantic and enormous species of anger, falls not properly under the animadversion of a writer, whose chief end is the regulation of common life, and whose precepts are to recommend themselves by their general use. Nor is this essay intended to expose the tragical or

fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propose now for my subject, is such, as makes those who indulge it more troublesome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and wasps, than with basilisks and lions.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of *passionate* men; who imagine themselves intitled, by that distinction, to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces, and licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the most part, fumes away in outcries of injury, and protestations of vengeance, and seldom proceeds to actual violence, unless a drawer or link-boy fall in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of those that happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obstruct the course of conversation, and disturb the enjoyment of society.

Men of this kind are sometimes not without understanding or virtue, and are, therefore, not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke: they have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence, that leaves them not masters of their conduct or language; as acting without consciousness, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes: they are therefore pitied, rather than censured; and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is surely not to be observed, without indignation, that men may be found, of minds mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without shame, and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardon from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exercising their patience, and boasting of their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger: but pride, like every other passion, if it once break loose from reason,

son, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end.

Those sudden bursts of rage, generally break out upon small occasions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged: therefore, the first reflection upon his violence, must show him that he is mean enough to be driven from his post by every petty incident; that he is the mere slave of casualty; and that his reason and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of these loud extravagancies, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always discover to himself. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, and, by consequence, his suffrage not much regarded, is sometimes in hope of gaining that attention by his clamours, which he cannot otherwise obtain, and is pleased with remembering that at least he made himself be heard; that he had the power to interrupt those whom he could not confute, and suspend the decision which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way among their servants and domestics. They feel their own ignorance; they see their own insignificance; and, therefore, they endeavour, by their fury, to frighten away contempt from before them, when they know it must follow them behind, and think themselves eminently masters, when they see one folly tamely complied with, only lest refusal or delay should provoke them to a greater.

These temptations cannot but be owned to have some force. It is so little pleasing to any man to see himself wholly overlooked in the mass of things, that he may be allowed to try a few expedients for procuring some kind of supplemental dignity, and use some endeavour, to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightness of his other powers. But this has now been long practised, and found, upon the most exact estimate, not to produce

duce advantages equal to its inconveniences ; for it does not appear, that a man can, by uproar, tumult, and bluster, alter any one's opinion of his understanding, or gain influence, except over those whom fortune or nature have made his dependents. He may, by a steady perseverance in his ferocity, frighten his children, and harass his servants, but the rest of the world will look on and laugh ; and he will have the comfort at last of thinking, that he lives only to raise contempt and hatred, emotions to which wisdom and virtue would be always unwilling to give occasion. He has contrived only to make those fear him, whom every reasonable being is endeavouring to endear by kindness, and must content himself with the pleasure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not resist. He must perceive, that the apprehension which his presence causes, is not the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brutality ; and that he has given up the felicity of being loved, without gaining the honour of being revered.

But this is not the only ill consequence of the frequent indulgence of this blustering passion, which a man, by often calling to his assistance, will teach, in a short time, to intrude before the summons, to rush upon him with resistless violence, and without any previous notice of its approach. He will find himself liable to be inflamed at the first touch of provocation, and unable to retain his resentment till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cause, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once suffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the most hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no security to himself that he shall not, at the next interview, alienate, by some sudden transport, his dearest friend ; or break out upon some slight contradiction, in such terms of rudeness as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converses with him, lives with the suspicion and solicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a necessity of watching the moment, in which the capricious savage shall begin to growl.

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It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life. He contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgement, injury, and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himself in oppression, and justifies the wrong because he has done it, his insensibility can make small part of his praise or his happiness; he only adds deliberate to hasty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and destroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderness and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, because it seldom wants a punishment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more despicable, or more miserable, than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks, by decay of strength, into peevishness; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, as Homer expresses it, 'to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt.'

Johnson.

V. DESCRIPTION OF THE VALE OF KESWICK IN CUMBERLAND.

THIS delightful vale is thus elegantly described by the late ingenious Dr Brown, in a letter to a friend.

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dove-dale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferiour to Dove-dale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Kewick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morasses, and brushwood. But at Kewick, you will, on the one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur; some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests: a variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while, on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts, they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales; and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising over mountain; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity;

Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
And pictures things unseen.——

Were I to analyze the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you, that the full perfection of Kewick consists of three circumstances; beauty, horror,

rou, and immensity, united ; the second of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little, nature having left it almost a desert : neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence. But, to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Kewick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls ; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole, with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect ; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view : now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful : and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes ; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun ; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre ; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring, which the several objects produce, is no less wonderful and pleasing : the ruling tincts in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold ; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields : these are finely contrasted by the gray rocks and cliffs ; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes

times a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea. But, in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty: islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool, amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it; for here, the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you have already seen; and, rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more; which is, that, by still moon-light, (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound), a walk among these enchanting dales opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

VI. CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF THE SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy

fancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman, rather than an illustrious queen.

The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which beset her: we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme, was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve; and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned, to excite sorrow and commiseration; and, while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign,

all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode, with equal grace. Her taste for music was just; and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life, she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which frequently deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

Robertson.

VII. BATTLE OF HASTINGS, A. D. 1066.

HAROLD hastened, by quick marches, to reach the new invader. But, though he was reinforced at London and other places with fresh troops, he found himself also weakened by the desertion of his old soldiers, who, from fatigue and discontent, secretly withdrew from their colours. His brother Gurth, a man of bravery and conduct, began to entertain apprehensions of the event; and remonstrated with the king, that it would be better policy to prolong the war; at least, to spare his own person in the action. He urged to him, that the desperate situation of the Duke of Normandy made it requisite for that prince to bring matters to a speedy decision, and put his whole fortune on the issue of a battle; but that the King of England, in his own country, beloved by his subjects, provided with every supply, had more certain and less dangerous means of ensuring to himself the victory! that the Norman troops, elated, on the one hand, with the highest hopes, and seeing, on the other, no resource in case of a discomfiture, would fight to the last extremity; and, being the flower of all the warriors

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of the continent, must be regarded as formidable to the English: that, if their first fire, which is always the most dangerous, were allowed to languish for want of action; if they were harrassed with small skirmishes, straitened in provisions, and fatigued with the bad weather and deep roads during the winter season, which was approaching, they must fall an easy and a bloodless prey to their enemy: that, if a general action were delayed, the English, sensible of the imminent danger to which their properties as well as liberties were exposed, from those rapacious invaders, would hasten from all quarters to his assistance, and would render his army invincible: that, at least, if he thought it necessary to hazard a battle, he ought not to expose his own person; but reserve, in case of disastrous accidents, some resource to the liberty and independence of the kingdom: and that, having once been so unfortunate as to be constrained to swear, and that upon the holy relics, to support the pretensions of the Duke of Normandy, it were better that the command of the army should be entrusted to another, who, not being bound by those sacred ties, might give the soldiers more assured hopes of a prosperous issue to the combat.

Harold was deaf to all these remonstrances. Elated with his past prosperity, as well as stimulated by his native courage, he resolved to give battle in person; and, for that purpose, he drew near to the Normans, who had removed their camp and fleet to Hastings, where they fixed their quarters. He was so confident of success, that he sent a message to the duke, promising him a sum of money if he would depart the kingdom without effusion of blood. But his offer was rejected with disdain; and William, not to be behind with his enemy in vaunting, sent him a message by some monks, requiring him either to resign the kingdom, or to hold it of him in fealty, or to submit their cause to the arbitration of the pope, or to fight him in single combat. Harold replied, that the God of battles would soon be the arbiter of all their differences.

The English and Normans now prepared themselves for this important decision ; but the aspect of things, on the night before the battle, was very different in the two camps. The English spent the time in riot, and jollity, and disorder : the Normans in silence, in prayer, and in the other functions of their religion. On the morning, the duke called together the most considerable of his commanders, and made them a speech suitable to the occasion. He represented to them, that the event, which they and he had long wished for, was approaching ; the whole fortune of the war now depended on their swords, and would be decided in a single action : that, never army had greater motives for exerting a vigorous courage, whether they considered the prize which would attend their victory, or the inevitable destruction which must ensue upon their discomfiture ; that, if their martial and veteran bands could once break those raw soldiers, who had rashly dared to approach them, they conquered a kingdom at one blow, and were justly entitled to all its possessions as the reward of their prosperous valour : that, on the contrary, if they remitted in the least their wonted prowess, an enraged enemy hung upon their rear, the sea met them in their retreat, and an ignominious death was the certain punishment of their imprudent cowardice ; that, by collecting so numerous and brave a host he had ensured every human means of conquest ; and the commander of the enemy, by his criminal conduct, had given him just cause to hope for the favour of the Almighty, in whose hands alone lay the event of wars and battles : and, that a perjured usurper, anathematized by the sovereign pontiff, and conscious of his own breach of faith, would be struck with terror on their appearance, and would prognosticate to himself that fate which his multiplied crimes had so justly merited.—The duke next divided his army into three lines. The first led by Montgomery, consisted of archers and light-armed infantry : the second, commanded by Martel, was composed of his bravest battalions, heavy armed, and ranged in close order : his cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the third line ; and were so disposed, that they

they stretched beyond the infantry, and flanked each wing of the army. He ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army, moving at once, and singing the hymn or song of Roland, the famous peer of Charlemagne, advanced in order, and with alacrity, towards the enemy.

Harold had seized the advantage of a rising ground: and having likewise drawn some trenches to secure his flanks, he resolved to stand upon the defensive, and to avoid all action with the cavalry, in which he was inferior. The Kentish men were placed in the van; a post which they had always claimed as their due. The Londoners guarded the standard: and the king himself, accompanied by his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed himself at the head of his infantry, and expressed his resolution to conquer, or to perish in the action. The first attack of the Normans was desperate, but was received with equal valour by the English; and, after a furious combat, which remained long undecided, the former, overcome by the difficulty of the ground, and hard pressed by the enemy, began first to relax their vigour, then to retreat; and confusion was spreading among the ranks, when William, who found himself on the brink of destruction, hastened with a select band to the relief of his dismayed forces. His presence restored the action: the English were obliged to retire with loss; and the duke ordered his second line to advance, renewed the attack with fresh forces, and with redoubled courage. Finding that the enemy, aided by the advantage of ground, and animated by the example of their prince, still made a vigorous resistance, he tried a stratagem, which was very delicate in its management, but which seemed advisable in his desperate situation, where, if he gained not a decisive victory, he was totally undone: he commanded his troops to make a hasty retreat, and to allure the enemy from their ground by the appearance of flight. The artifice succeeded against those unexperienced soldiers; who, heated by the action, and sanguine in their hopes, precipitately followed the Normans into the plain. William gave orders,

ders, that at once the infantry should face about upon their pursuers, and the cavalry make an assault upon their wings, and both of them pursue the advantage, which the surprise and terrour of the enemy must give them in that critical and decisive moment. The English were repulsed with great slaughter, and driven back to the hill; where, being rallied by the bravery of Harold, they were able, notwithstanding their loss, to maintain the post, and continue the combat. The duke tried the same stratagem a second time, with the same success; but, even after this double advantage, he still found a great body of the English, who, maintaining themselves in firm array, seemed determined to dispute the victory to the last extremity. He ordered his heavy-armed infantry to make an assault upon them; while his archers, placed behind, should gall the enemy; who were exposed, by the situation of the ground, and who were intent in defending themselves against the swords and spears of the assailants. By this disposition he at last prevailed. Harold was slain by an arrow, while he was combating with great bravery at the head of his men. His two brothers shared the same fate; and the English, discouraged by the fall of those princes, gave ground on all sides, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Normans. A few troops, however, of the vanquished, had still the courage to turn upon their pursuers; and, attacking them in deep and miry ground, obtained some revenge for the slaughter and dishonour of the day. But the appearance of the duke obliged them to seek their safety by flight; and darkness saved them from any farther pursuit by the enemy.

Thus was gained, by William Duke of Normandy; the great and decisive victory of Hastings, after a battle which was fought from morning till sunset, and which seemed worthy, by the heroic valour displayed by both armies, and by both commanders, to decide the fate of a mighty kingdom. William had three horses killed under him; and there fell near fifteen thousand men on the side of the Normans. The loss was still more considerable on that of the vanquished; besides the death
of

of the king and his two brothers. The dead body of Harold was brought to William, and was generously restored without ransom to his mother. The Norman army left not the field of battle without giving thanks to Heaven, in the most solemn manner, for their victory; and the prince, having refreshed his troops, prepared to push, to the utmost, his advantage against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English. *Hume.*

VIII. INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

THE faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind, scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Hence the ardour of the selfish to better their fortunes, and to add to their personal accomplishments; and hence the zeal of the patriot and the philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.

The common bias of the mind undoubtedly is (such is the benevolent appointment of Providence) to think favourably of the future; to overvalue the chances of possible good, and to under-rate the risks of possible evil: and, in the case of some fortunate individuals, this disposition remains, after a thousand disappointments. To what this bias of our nature is owing, it is not material for us to inquire: the fact is certain; and it is an important one to our happiness. It supports us under the real distresses of life, and cheers and animates all our labours: and, although it is sometimes apt to produce, in a weak and indolent mind, those deceitful suggestions of ambition and vanity, which lead us to sacrifice the duties and the comforts of the present moment to romantic hopes and expectations; yet, it must be acknowledged, when

when connected with habits of activity, and regulated by a solid judgment, to have a favourable effect on the character, by inspiring that ardour and enthusiasm which both prompt to great enterprises, and are necessary to ensure their success. — When such a temper is united (as it commonly is) with pleasing notions concerning the order of the universe, and, in particular, concerning the condition and the prospects of man; it places our happiness, in a great measure, beyond the power of fortune. While it admits of a double relish to every enjoyment, it blunts the edge of all our sufferings; and, even when human life presents to us no object on which our hopes can rest, it invites the imagination beyond the dark and troubled horizon which terminates all our earthly prospects, to wander unconfined in the regions of futurity. A man of benevolence, whose mind is enlarged by philosophy, will indulge the same agreeable anticipations with respect to society; will view all the different improvements in arts, in commerce, and in the sciences, as co-operating to promote the union, the happiness, and the virtue of mankind; and, amidst the political disorders resulting from the prejudices and follies of his own times, will look forward, with transport, to the blessings which are reserved for posterity in a more enlightened age.

Stewart.

IX. THE POWER OF LOVE: A FRAGMENT.

THE town of Abdera (notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it) was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations, libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day—'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that, the *Andromeda* of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of nature, which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus, "O, Cupid! prince of
 gods

gods and men," &c. Every man spoke almost pure iam-bics the next day, and talked of nothing but Perseus' pathetic address, "O, Cupid! prince of gods and men," was heard in every street of Abdera, in every house; "O, Cupid! Cupid!" warbled every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody, which drops from it whether it will or not—nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of gods and men!"—The fire caught: and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itself to love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore—not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death.—Friendship and virtue met together, and kissed each other in the street.—The golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera.—Every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down, and listened to the song.

'Twas only in the power (says the fragment) of the god, whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this. *Sterne.*

X. LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in public, or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full-scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but, find-
ing,

ing, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—I took a single captive; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand; and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Sterne.

XI. THE CANT OF CRITICISM.

AND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?—O, against all rule, my lord; most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and adjective (which should agree together, in number, case, and gender) he made a breach thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling. And after the nominative case (which your lordship knows should govern the verb) he suspended his voice, in the epilogue,

epilogue, a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But, in suspending his voice, was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about!—O! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord—quite an irregular thing! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

And, for the epic poem your lordship bade me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!

And did you step in to take a look at the grand picture, in your way back?—"Tis a melancholy daub! my lord: not one principle of the pyramid, in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Coregio—the learning of Pouffin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachis—or the grand contour of Angelo!

Grant me patience!—Of all the cants, which are canted, in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!—I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands; be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore. *Sterne.*

XII. ON THE CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH.

It is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was to remind him of his mortality; by calling out every morning at a stated hour, *Remember, prince, that thou shalt die.* And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present

present state, appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages; *Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.*

A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment, which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is, indeed, of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him, who should begin every day with a serious reflection, that he is born to die.

The disturbers of our happiness in this world, are, our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these, the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. Think, says Epictetus, frequently on poverty, banishment, and death; and thou wilt, then, never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation, will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds. We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happiness but its attainment, or any misery but its loss: every other satisfaction which the bounty of Providence has scattered over life, is neglected as inconsiderable, in comparison of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced, how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of supplicants, have appeared vain and empty things, when the last hour seemed to be approaching; and the same appearance they would always have, if the same thoughts were always predominant.

We

We should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to desire. We are uneasy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happiness would be advanced by the addition of that which he with-holds from us; and, therefore, whatever depresses immoderate wishes, will, at the same time, set the heart free from the corrosion of envy, and exempt us from that vice, which is, above most others, tormenting to ourselves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and sordid projects. He that considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance, as to close it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is useless to that purpose. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out, that the state of others is not more permanent, and that what can confer nothing on himself very desirable, cannot so much improve the condition of a rival, as to make him much superiour to those from whom he has carried the prize; a prize too mean, to deserve a very obstinate opposition.

Even grief, that passion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly subject, will be obviated or alleviated, by the same thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little, which our most lively hopes can promise us, may be made less, by ten thousand accidents, we shall not much repine at a loss, of which we cannot estimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the least amount, we know with sufficient certainty, the greatest; and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

But, if any passion has so much usurped our understanding, as not to suffer us to enjoy advantages with the

moderation prescribed by reason, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourselves sinking under sorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vanished. We may then usefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that, from which, if it had staid a little longer, we should ourselves have been taken away.

With regard to the sharpest and most melting sorrow, that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness, it may be observed, that friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must some time mourn for the other's death: and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

Nor is fear, the most overbearing and resistless of all our passions, less to be tempered by this universal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it shows the vanity of all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which, certainly, can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts, and, according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity, which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.

The utmost that we can threaten to one another, is that death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wise man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue; since he knows not how small a portion of time he can purchase, but knows that, whether short or long, it will be made less valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is sure that he destroys his happiness, but is not sure that he lengthens his life.

Johnson.

XIII. EXTRACT FROM THE ADVENTURES OF
TELEMACHUS.

THE grief of Calypso for the departure of Ulysses, would admit of no comfort; and she regretted her immortality, as that which could only perpetuate affliction, and aggravate calamity by despair: her grotto no more echoed with the music of her voice; and her nymphs waited at a distance, with timidity and silence. She often wandered alone, along the borders of her island, amidst the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloomed around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impressed more strongly upon her mind the idea of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walk. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; and, while her eyes were fixed upon that part of the horizon where the lessening bark of the hero at length disappeared, they overflowed with tears. Here she was one day surprised with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck: broken benches and oars lay scattered about upon the sand; and a rudder, a mast, and some cordage, were floating near the shore. Soon after, she perceived, at a distance, two men; one of whom appeared to be ancient; and, in the other, although a youth, she discovered a strong resemblance of Ulysses; the same benevolence and dignity were united in his aspect, his stature was equally tall, and his port majestic. The goddess knew immediately that this was Telemachus; but, notwithstanding the penetration of divine sagacity, she could not discover who was his companion; for it is the prerogative of superiour deities to conceal whatever they please from those of a lower class; and it was the pleasure of Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the likeness of Mentor, to be concealed from Calypso. Calypso, however, rejoiced in the happy shipwreck, which had restored Ulysses to her wishes in the person of his son. She advanced to meet him; and, affecting not to know him, "How hast thou presumed," said she, "to land on this island? Knowest thou not, that from my dominions no daring intruder departs unpunished?" By this menace,

she hoped to conceal the joy which glowed in her bosom, and which she could not prevent from sparkling in her countenance. "Whoever thou art," replied Telemachus, "whether thou art indeed a goddess, or whether, with all the appearance of divinity, thou art yet a mortal, canst thou regard with insensibility the misfortunes of a son, who, committing his life to the caprice of the winds and waves in search of a father, has suffered shipwreck against these rocks?" "Who then is that father whom thou seekest?" returned the goddess. "He is one of the confederate kings," answered Telemachus, "who, after a siege of ten years, laid Troy in ashes; and his name is Ulysses: a name which he has rendered famous by his prowess, and yet more by his wisdom, not only through all Greece, but to the remotest boundaries of Asia. This Ulysses, the mighty and the wise, is now a wanderer on the deep, the sport of tempests which no force can resist, and the prey of dangers which no sagacity can elude: his country seems to fly before him: Penelope, his wife, despairs at Ithaca of his return: and I, though equally destitute of hope, pursue him through all the perils that he has passed, and seek him upon every coast: I seek him; but, alas! perhaps the sea has already closed over him for ever!—O goddess! compassionate our distress; and, if thou knowest what the Fates have wrought, either to save or destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe this knowledge to Telemachus his son."

Such force of eloquence, such maturity of wisdom, and such blooming youth filled the bosom of Calypso with astonishment and tenderness: she gazed upon him with a fixed attention; but her eyes were still unsatisfied, and she remained some time silent. At length she said, "We will acquaint Telemachus with the adventures of his father: but the story will be long: it is now time that you should repair that strength by rest, which has been exhausted by labour. I will receive you to my dwelling as to my son; you shall be my comfort in this solitude; and, if you are not voluntarily wretched, I will be your felicity."

Telemachus

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was encircled by a crowd of young nymphs, among whom she was distinguished by the superiority of her stature, as the towering summit of a lofty oak is seen in the midst of a forest, above all the trees that surround it. He was struck with the splendour of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied with graceful negligence behind her, and the vivacity and softness that were mingled in her eyes. Mentor followed Telemachus, modestly silent and looking downward. When they arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Telemachus was surprised to discover, under the appearance of rural simplicity, whatever could captivate the sight. There was, indeed, neither gold, nor silver, nor marble: no decorated columns, no paintings, no statues were to be seen: but the grotto consisted of several vaults cut in the rock; the roof was embellished with shells and pebbles: and the want of tapestry was supplied by the luxuriance of a young vine, which extended its branches equally on every side. Here the heat of the sun was tempered by the freshness of the breeze: the rivulets, that, with soothing murmurs, wandered through meadows of intermingled violets and amaranth, formed innumerable baths, that were pure and transparent as crystal: the verdant carpet, which Nature had spread round the grotto, was adorned with a thousand flowers; and, at a small distance, there was a wood of those trees, that, in every season, unfold new blossoms, which diffuse ambrosial fragrance, and ripen into golden fruit. In this wood, which was impervious to the rays of the sun, and heightened the beauty of the adjacent meadows by an agreeable opposition of light and shade, nothing was to be heard but the melody of birds, or the fall of water, which, precipitating from the summit of a rock, dashed into foam below, where, forming a small rivulet, it glided hastily over the meadow.

The grotto of Calypso was situated on the declivity of a hill, and commanded a prospect of the sea, sometimes smooth, peaceful, and limpid; sometimes swelling into mountains, and breaking with idle rage against the shore.

At another view, a river was discovered, in which were many islands, surrounded with limes that were covered with flowers, and poplars that raised their heads to the clouds. The streams which formed these islands, seemed to stray through the fields with a kind of sportful wantonness; some rolling along in translucent waves, with a tumultuous rapidity; some gliding away in silence, with a motion that was scarce perceptible; and others, after a long circuit, turned back, as if they wished to issue again from their source, and were unwilling to quit the paradise through which they flowed. The distant hills and mountains hid their summits in the blue vapours that hovered over them, and diversified the horizon with cloudy figures that were equally pleasing and romantic: the mountains that were less remote were covered with vines, the branches of which were interwoven with each other and hung down in festoons: the grapes, which surpassed in lustre the richest purple, were too exuberant to be concealed by the foliage, and the branches bowed under the weight of the fruit: the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees without number, overspread the plain: so that the whole country had the appearance of a garden, of infinite variety, and boundless extent.

The goddess, having displayed this profusion of beauty to Telemachus, dismissed him. "Go now," said she, "and refresh yourself, and change your apparel, which is wet: I will afterwards see you again, and relate such things as shall not amuse your ear only, but affect your heart." She then caused him to enter, with his friend, into the most secret recess of a grotto adjoining to her own. Here the nymphs had already kindled a fire with some billets of cedar which perfumed the place, and had left changes of apparel for the new guests. Telemachus, perceiving that a tunic of the finest wool, whiter than snow, and a purple robe, richly embroidered with gold, were intended for him, contemplated the magnificence of his dress with a pleasure to which young minds are easily betrayed.

Mentor perceived his weakness, and reproved it. "Are these then," said he, "O Telemachus, such thoughts as become

become the son of Ulysses? Be rather audacious to appropriate the character of thy father, and to surmount the persecutions of Fortune. The youth, who, like a woman, loves to adorn his person, has renounced all claims both to wisdom and to glory: glory is due to those only who dare to associate with pain, and have trampled pleasure under their feet."

Telemachus answered, "May the gods destroy me, rather than suffer me to be enslaved by voluptuous effeminacy! No, the son of Ulysses shall never be seduced by the charms of enervating and inglorious ease. But, how gracious is Heaven, in having directed us, destitute and shipwrecked, to this goddess, or this mortal, who has loaded us with benefits!" "Fear, rather," replied Mentor, "lest her wiles should overwhelm thee with ruin: fear her deceitful blandishments more than the rocks on which thou hast suffered shipwreck; for shipwreck and death are less dreadful than those pleasures by which virtue is subverted. Believe not the tales which she shall relate. The presumption of youth hopes all things from itself, and, however impotent, believes it has power over every event: it dreams of security in the midst of danger, and listens to subtlety without suspicion. Beware of the seducing eloquence of Calypso; that mischief, which, like a serpent, is concealed by the flowers under which it approaches: dread the latent poison. Trust not thyself, but confide implicitly in my counsel."

Finclon.

XIV. ALPIN LAMENTING THE DEATH OF MORAR.

My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall, like Morar: the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung.

Thou wert, swift, O Morar! as a roe in the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm; thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was as a stream after rain; like thunder on distant

distant hills. Many fell by thy arm : they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.—But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow ! Thy face was like the sun after rain ; like the moon in the silence of night ; calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now ! dark the place of thine abode !—With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before ! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee ! A tree, with scarce a leaf ; long grass, which whistles in the wind ; mark to the hunter's eye—the grave of the mighty Morar !—Morar ! thou art low indeed ! Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth ! Fallen is the daughter of Morglan !

Who on his staff is this ? Who is this whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step ?—It is thy father, O Morar ! the father of no son but thee. Weep thou father of Morar ! weep : but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead ; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice : no more awake at thy call.—When shall it be morn in the grave—to bid the slumberer awake ? Farewell, thou bravest of men ! thou conqueror in the field ! Thou hast left no son : but the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee : they shall hear of the mighty Morar ! *Offian.*

XV. A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE, ON A VOTE OF THANKS TO THE KING FOR HIS SPEECH, AND UPON AN INQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF THE NATION, IN THE XIVTH YEAR OF GEORGE II. 1740.

Mr Herbert.

MR SPEAKER.—As his Majesty has summoned a new parliament, and has been graciously pleased to communicate his intentions to us by the speech we have just heard, it seems absolutely necessary for us to vote an address of thanks.

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To address the throne on the present occasion, is a custom, which, as it is founded on reason and decency, has always been observed by the Commons of Great-Britain; nor do I suspect this House of any intention to omit those forms of respect to his Majesty, which our ancestors always paid, even to princes whose conduct and designs gave them no claim to reverence or gratitude.

To continue therefore, Sir, a practice which the nature of government itself makes necessary, and which cannot but be acknowledged to be in a peculiar degree proper under a prince, whose personal virtues are so generally known, I hope for the indulgence of this House, in the liberty which I shall take of proposing an address to this effect:

‘To return his Majesty the thanks of the House for his royal care in prosecuting the war with Spain; and that, in order to answer the great and necessary purposes of it, this House will offer such advice as becomes faithful and dutiful subjects, and grant such effectual supplies, as shall enable his Majesty to support and assist his friends and allies, at such times, and in such manner, as the exigency and circumstances of affairs shall require.’

Mr Trevor.

SIR,—As the necessity of an address to his Majesty cannot be disputed, the only question on this occasion must be, whether the address now proposed be such as it may become this House to offer in the present conjuncture of affairs.

In an address, Sir, it is necessary to preserve at once the respect due to our sovereign, and the dignity which may justly be assumed by the representatives of the people of Great-Britain; a people, whose birth-right gives them a claim to approach their sovereign, not indeed without the utmost respect, but with language which absolute monarchs never hear from the slaves by whom they are surrounded.

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This respect and dignity appear to me to be very happily united in the address now proposed, in which we join, with our professions of duty, our offers of advice, and assert our claim to the direction of the national expences, by our promise to grant the necessary supplies.

As there cannot, therefore, in my opinion, Sir, be any thing added to the address now offered, and there appears to me no necessity of any alteration or omission, I second the motion.

Mr Gybbon.

SIR,—It is well known, that the speeches from the throne, though pronounced by the king, are always considered as the compositions of the ministry, upon whom any false assertions should be charged, as the informers and counsellors of the crown.

It is well known, likewise, that whenever this House returns thanks to the king for any measures that have been pursued, those measures are supposed to be approved by them, and that approbation may be pleaded by the minister in his defence, whenever he shall be required to answer for the event of his counsels.

It is therefore, in my opinion, extremely unreasonable to propose, that thanks should be returned to his Majesty for his royal care in prosecuting the war against Spain: for, what has been the consequence of that care, for which our thanks are to be with so much solemnity returned, but defeats, disgrace, and losses, the ruin of our merchants, the imprisonment of our sailors, idle shows of armaments, and useless expences?

What are the events which are to be recorded in an impartial account of this war, a war provoked by so long a train of insults and injuries, and carried on with so apparent inequality of forces? Have we destroyed the fleets of our enemies, fired their towns, and laid their fortresses in ruins? Have we conquered their colonies, and plundered their cities, and reduced them to a necessity of receding from their unjust claims, and repaying the plunder of our merchants? Are their ambassadors now soliciting peace at the court of Great-Britain,

or

or applying to the neighbouring princes to moderate the resentment of their victorious enemies ?

I am afraid that the effects of our preparations, however formidable, are very different : they have only raised discontent among our countrymen, and contempt among our enemies.

I hope no man will be so unjust, or can be so ignorant, as to insinuate or believe, that I impute any part of our miscarriages to the personal conduct of his Majesty, or that I think his Majesty's concern for the prosperity of his people, unworthy of the warmest and sincerest gratitude. If the address were confined to the inspection of our sovereign alone, I should be very far from censuring or ridiculing it : for his Majesty has not the event of war in his power ; nor can he confer upon his ministers or generals, that knowledge which they have neglected to acquire, or that capacity which nature has denied them. He may perform more than we have a right to expect, and yet be unsuccessful ; he may deserve the utmost gratitude, even when, by the misconduct of his servants, the nation is distressed.

But, Sir, in drawing up an address, we should remember that we are declaring our sentiments, not only to his Majesty, but to all Europe ; to our allies, our enemies, and our posterity : that this address will be understood, just like all others ; that thanks offered in this manner, by custom, signify approbation ; and that, therefore, we must, at present, repress our gratitude, because it can only bring into contempt our sovereign and ourselves.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—I am very far from thinking that the war against Spain has been so unsuccessful as some gentlemen have represented it : that the losses which we have suffered have been more frequent, than we had reason to expect from the situation of our enemies, and the course of our trade ; or our defeats such as the common chance of war does not often produce, even when the inequality of the contending powers is incontestable, and the ultimate event

event as near to certainty as the nature of human affairs ever can admit.

Nor am I convinced, Sir, even though it should be allowed that no exaggeration has been made of our mis-carriages, that the propriety of an address of thanks to his Majesty for his royal care in the management of the war, is gross and flagrant. For, if it be allowed, that his Majesty may be innocent of all the misconduct that has produced our defeats; that he may have formed schemes wisely, which were unskilfully prosecuted; that even valour and knowledge concurring, will not always obtain success; and that, therefore, some losses may be suffered, and some defeats received, though not only his Majesty gave the wisest directions, but his officers executed them with the utmost diligence and fidelity: how will it appear from our ill success, that our sovereign does not deserve our gratitude? And if it shall appear to us that our thanks are merited, who shall restrain us from offering them in the most public and solemn manner.

For my part, I think no consideration worthy of regard, in competition with truth and justice; and therefore shall never forbear any expression of duty to my sovereign for fear of the ridicule of our secret, or the reproaches of our public enemies.

With regard to the address under our consideration, if it be allowed, either that we have not been unsuccessful in any opprobrious degree, or that ill success does not necessarily imply any defect in the conduct of his Majesty, or debar us from the right of acknowledging his goodness and his wisdom; I think, Sir, no objection can be made to the form of expression now proposed, in which, all sounding and pompous language, all declamatory exaggeration and studied figures of speech, all appearance of exultation, and all the farce of rhetoric, are carefully avoided; and nothing inserted that may disgust the most delicate, or raise scruples in the most sincere.

Yet, Sir, that we may not waste our time upon trivial disputes, when the nation expects relief from our counsels;

fels; that we may not suspend the prosecution of the war by complaint of past defeats, or retard that assistance and advice which our sovereign demands, by inquiring whether it may be more proper to thank, or to counsel him; I am willing, for the sake of unanimity, that this clause should be omitted, and hope that no other part of the address can afford room for objection.

Mr Pulteney.

SIR,—It is no wonder that the right honourable gentleman willingly consents to the omission of this clause; which could be inserted for no other purpose, than that he might sacrifice it to the resentment which it must naturally produce; and, by an appearance of modesty and compliance, pass easily through the first day, and obviate any severe inquiries that might be designed.

He is too well acquainted with the opinion of many whom the nation hath chosen to represent them, and with the universal clamours of the people; too accurately informed of the state of our enemies, and too conscious how much his secret machinations have hindered our success, to expect or hope, that we should meet here to return thanks for the management of the war; of a war, in which nothing has been attempted, by his direction, that was likely to succeed, and in which no advantage has been gained, but by acting without orders, and against his hopes.

That I do not charge him, Sir, without reason, or invent accusations only to obstruct his measures, or to gratify my own resentment; that I do not eagerly catch flying calumnies, prolong the date of casual reproaches, encourage the malignity of the envious, or adopt the suspicions of the melancholy; that I do not impose upon myself by a warm imagination, and endeavour to communicate to others, impressions, which I have only received myself from prejudice; will be proved from a review of his conduct since the beginning of our dispute with Spain; in which it will be found, that he has been guilty, not only of single errors, but of deliberate treachery, that he has always co-operated with our ene-

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mies,

mies, and sacrificed, to his private interest, the happiness and the honour of the British nation.

How long our merchants were plundered, our sailors enslaved, and our colonies intimidated without resentment; how long the Spaniards usurped the dominion of the seas, searched our ships at pleasure, confiscated the cargoes without controul, and tortured our fellow-subjects with impunity, cannot but be remembered. Not only every gentleman in this House, but every man in the nation, however indolent, ignorant, or obscure, can tell what barbarities were exercised, what ravages were committed, what complaints were made, and how they were received. It is universally known, that this gentleman, and those whom he has gained by pensions and employments, treated the lamentations of ruined families, and the outcries of tortured Britons, as the clamours of sedition, as designed to inflame the people, and embarrass the government.

Such has been the conduct, for which we are desired to return thanks in an humble and dutiful address; such are the transactions, which we are to recommend to the approbation of our constituents; and such the triumphs, upon which we must congratulate our sovereign.

For my part, Sir, I cannot but think that silence is too gentle a censure for that wickedness, for which no language has yet provided a name. Murder, parricide, and treason, are modest appellations, when compared with that conduct by which a king is betrayed, and a nation ruined, under pretence of promoting its interest, by a man trusted with the administration of public affairs.

Let us therefore, Sir, if it be thought improper to lay before his Majesty the sentiments of his people in their full extent, at least not endeavour to conceal them from him: let us at least address him in such a manner as may give him some occasion to inquire into the late transactions; which have for many years been such, that even but to know them, is to condemn them: and, that the authors of these transactions may be brought to light,

light, I move, that the House may go into an inquiry into the state of the nation.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—Though I am far from being either confounded or intimidated by this heavy charge, though I am confident that all the measures so clamorously censured, will admit of a very easy vindication, and that, whenever they are explained, they will be approved; yet, as an accusation so complicated cannot be refuted, without a long recapitulation of past events, and a deduction of many particular circumstances, some of which may require evidence, and some a very minute explication, I cannot think this a proper day for engaging in a controversy, which it is my interest should be thoroughly discussed.

At present, Sir, I shall content myself with bare assertions, like those by which I am accused, and hope they will not be heard with less attention, or received with less credit. For, surely it was never denied to any man, to defend himself with the same weapons with which he is attacked. I shall therefore, Sir, make no scruple to assert, that the treasure of the public has been employed with the utmost frugality, to promote the purposes for which it was granted; that our foreign affairs have been transacted with the utmost fidelity, in pursuance of long consultations; and shall venture to add, that our success has not been such as ought to produce any suspicion of negligence or treachery.

That our design against Carthagera was defeated, cannot be denied. But, what war has been one continued series of success? In the late war with France, of which the conduct has been so lavishly celebrated, did no designs miscarry? If we conquered at Ramillies, were we not in our turn beaten at Almanza? If we destroyed the French ships, was it not always with some loss of our own? And, since the sufferings of our merchants have been mentioned with so much acrimony, do not the lists of ships taken in that war prove, that the depredations of privateers cannot be entirely prevented?

The disappointment, Sir, of the public expectation, by the return of the fleets, has been charged upon the administration, as a crime too enormous to be mentioned without horror and detestation. That the ministry have not the elements in their power, that they do not prescribe the course of the wind, is a sufficient proof of their negligence and weakness: with as much justice is it charged upon them, that the expectations of the populace, which they did not raise, and to which perhaps the conquest of a kingdom had not been equal, failed of being gratified.

I am very far from hoping, or desiring, that the House should be satisfied with a defence like this. I know, by observing the practice of the opponents of the ministry; what fallacies may be concealed in general assertions; and am so far from wishing to evade a more strict inquiry, that, if the gentleman who has thus publicly and confidently accused the ministry, will name a day for inquiring into the state of the nation, though I think such an inquiry absolutely unnecessary, I will second his motion.

Mr Phillips.

SIR,—I should be much surprised to hear the motion made by the honourable gentleman who spoke last but one, opposed by any member of this House: a motion, founded in justice, supported by precedent, and warranted by necessity. Not only justice to the nation, but justice to those that have been in the administration, calls for an inquiry, that every man's actions may speak for him, and that censure may be confined to those only that have deserved it. Surely, no innocent man can be under any apprehensions, from the strictest examination of his conduct: those fears attend the guilty only.

The honourable gentleman who spoke last, seems to think an inquiry unnecessary. I beg leave to ask, Will any gentleman in this House undertake to defend the measures that have been pursued for twenty years past? Will any gentleman say, that the wretched condition we are in, is the effect of chance only? Shall there be the
least

least suspicion of mismanagement, and a British House of Commons not inquire into it? How much more, at a time when the nation is reduced to the last extremity, by corrupt, weak, and pusillanimous measures? Shall the fatality which has attended every step of our conduct for so many years past, infect this House also, and throw us into a lethargy? Surely, no. The voice of the nation calls for an inquiry: our credit abroad cannot be supported without it: and the reputation of every man in this House is nearly concerned in it. In vain shall we attempt to retrieve our lost honour by pursuing new measures, if we do not first censure and punish the authors of the old: in vain shall we attempt to gain allies, and to convince them that we are in earnest in the prosecution of the war against our enemies abroad, unless we first call those to an account, that have been their secret abettors and encouragers at home.

If ever there was a cause for an inquiry into past transactions, it is now. Have not large sums of money been raised in times of peace, and no debts paid? large armies raised in times of war, and no services performed? Have we not negotiated ourselves out of all our allies, and all our credit? Treaty after treaty, convention after convention: and what did these all end in, but war? How has that war been conducted? Why, shamefully, scandalously; to the encouragement of the enemy, and the dishonour of the nation: large fleets fitted out to fight the seas only, and return, shattered and torn to Spithead; while the enemy were every day seizing our ships for want of cruisers and convoys, and neighbouring nations taking this advantage to supplant us in trade. A gallant admiral was indeed sent to the West Indies; but sent too late, and not supported when there: another was sent to the Mediterranean; but, with what intent, I know not; unless it was to cover an embarkation of Spanish troops for Italy.

Shall a British House of Commons not inquire into the causes of these things? They must; they will, Sir: or forfeit all the reputation they have hitherto gained. And, if these are to be inquired into, what

better method than by a select committee, to be chosen by ballot? It is a parliamentary method that has been attended with good consequences to the nation, but fatal ones, indeed, to those that have made an abuse of power; and it is unaccountable to me, that any other but such, or those that have a mind to screen them, should make an opposition to it. For my own part, if it were the case of my brother, if he were innocent, I should think this the properest method to make that innocence appear; and if he were guilty, I should think it the greatest crime in me, to endeavour to screen him from national justice: therefore I am most heartily for the motion.

XXII. SPEECH OF CANULEIUS, A ROMAN TRIBUNE, TO THE CONSULS; IN WHICH HE DEMANDS, THAT THE PLEBEIANS MAY BE ADMITTED INTO THE CONSULSHIP, AND THAT THE LAW PROHIBITING PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS FROM INTERMARRYING, MAY BE REPEALED.

WHAT an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted, not only to marriages with us, but, to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion, then, for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What! must this empire, then, be unavoidably overturned? must Rome, of necessity, sink at once, if a Plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could,

could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, (nobody knows who his father was), obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man, in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And, supposing, now, that a Plebeian should have their talents and merit, must he not be suffered to govern us?

But, 'we find, that, upon the abolition of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate.' And what of that? Before Numa's time, there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days, there was no census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls, before the expulsion of Tarquin the proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done, but what has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, is not that a new thing? Was there any such law before the Decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free state: Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, what is this, but to show the utmost contempt of us, and to
declare

declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law, against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market-place. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let him be a Patrician or a Plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough that we have nothing in view, but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, Consuls and Patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, Consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city; I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but, if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages, if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare, that this people, whom you so much despise, and
to

to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories—shall never more enlist themselves : not a man of them shall take arms ; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

XXIII. SPEECH OF GALGACUS, GENERAL OF THE CALEDONIAN ARMY, BEFORE ENGAGING IN BATTLE WITH THE ROMANS.

Countrymen and Fellow-Soldiers !

WHEN I consider the cause, for which we have drawn our swords, and the necessity of striking an effectual blow, before we sheath them again ; I feel joyful hopes arising in my mind, that, this day, an opening will be made for the restoration of British liberty, and for shaking off the infamous yoke of Roman slavery. Caledonia is yet free. The all-grasping power of Rome has not yet been able to seize our liberty. But it is only to be preserved by valour. You are not to expect, that you should escape the ravage of the general plunderers of mankind, by any sentiment of moderation in them. When the countries, which are more accessible, come to be subdued, they will then force their way into those which are harder to be overcome. And if they should conquer the dry land, over the whole known world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean, to see whether there be not certain unknown regions, which they may attack, and reduce under subjection to the Roman Empire. For we see, that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be glorious ; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy ; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder ; if poor, by the desire of fame. The east and the west, the south and the north, the face of the whole earth, is the scene of their military achievements ; the world itself, is too little for their ambition, and their avarice. They are the only nation, ever known to be equally desirous of conquering a poor kingdom as a rich one.

one. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting, and shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, so that there are none left alive able to bear arms, they say, they have given peace to that country.

Nature itself has peculiarly endeared, to all men, their wives and their children. But it is known to you, my Countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily draughted off, to supply the deficiencies in the Roman army. The wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the conquered, are either exposed to the violence, or at least corrupted by the arts of these cruel spoilers. The fruits of industry are plundered, to make up the tributes imposed by oppressive avarice. Britons sow their fields; and the greedy Romans reap them. Our very bodies are worn out in carrying on their military works; and our toils are rewarded by them with abuse and stripes. Those who are born to slavery are bought and maintained by their masters; but this unhappy country pays for being enslaved, and feeds those who enslave it. And our portion of disgrace is the bitterest, as the inhabitants of this island are the last who have fallen under the galling yoke. Our native bent against tyranny, is the offence which most sensibly irritates those lordly usurpers. Our distance from the seat of government, and our natural defence by the surrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their suspicions; for they know, that Britons are born with an instinctive love of liberty; and they conclude, that we must be naturally led to think of taking the advantage of our detached situation, to disengage ourselves, one time or other, from their oppression.

Thus, my Countrymen and Fellow-Soldiers, suspected and hated, as we ever must be, by the Romans, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable state of bondage under them. Let us then, in the name of all that is sacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if not for glory, at least for safety; if not in vindication of British honour, at least in defence of our lives. How near were the
Brigantines.

Brigantines to shaking off the yoke—led on too by a woman! They burnt a Roman settlement: they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business had been completed. And shall not we, of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free and whose strength is entire; shall we not, my Fellow-Soldiers, attempt somewhat, which may show these foreign ravagers, that they have more to do than they think of, before they be masters of the whole island?

But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods; or mortal men like ourselves? Do we not see, that they fall into the same errors and weaknesses as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine, that they who are remarkable for their vices are likewise remarkable for their valour? What, then, do we dread? Shall I tell you the truth, my Fellow-Soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions, that the Romans have gained so great advantages over us. They turn the misconduct of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise as to unite against them. What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different countries; some more, some less, disposed to military achievements; some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship? They keep together while they are successful. Attack them with vigour: distress them: you will see them more disunited among themselves, than we are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and, with shame I must add, Britons, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs and their lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can any one imagine that these are held together by sentiments of fidelity or affection? No: the only bond of union among them is fear. And, whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude,

multitude, they, who now fear, will then hate their tyrannical masters.—On our side, there is every possible incitement to valour. The Roman courage, is not, as ours, inflamed by the thought of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have, to reproach them, if they should desert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without any possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears; nor let the glare of gold or silver, upon their armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold or silver, that men are either wounded or defended; though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited rabble. We shall find among themselves a reinforcement to our army. The degenerate Britons who are incorporated into their forces, will, through shame of their country's cause, deserted by them, quickly leave the Romans, and come over to us. The Gauls, remembering their former liberty, and that it was the Romans who deprived them of it, will forsake their tyrants, and join the assertors of freedom. The Germans, who remain in their army, will follow the example of their countrymen, the Usipii, who so lately deserted. And what will there be then to fear? A few half garrisoned forts, a few municipal towns, inhabited by worn-out old men: discord universally prevailing, occasioned by tyranny in those who command, and obstinacy in those who should obey. On our side, an army united in the cause of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their liberties, their lives. At the head of this army, there is a general, ready to exert all his abilities, such as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory and to freedom.

I conclude, my Countrymen and Fellow-Soldiers,
with

with putting you in mind, that, on your behaviour this day, depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your subjection to a tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage—think of your ancestors—and think of your posterity.

XVIII. THE PERFECT ORATOR.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate?—yes, superiour. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions?—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed, not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude; by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become as it were but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP—LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER—OR DIE!

Sheridan:

SECTION II.

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

I. L'ALLEGRO—OR, THE MERRY MAN.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings ;
 There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As rugged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne !
 And, by men, heart-easing mirth ;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
 With two sister-Graces more,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
 Hast thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;

Sport,

Sport, that wrinkled care derides ;
 And laughter, holding both his sides.
 Come ! and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And, in thy right hand, lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty :
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew ;
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free :
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And, at my window, bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight :
 While the ploughman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;

Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where, Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set,
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
 And then, in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind his sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.

Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer eve, by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running:
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony:
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live. *Milton.*

II. THE PASSIONS;—AN ODE.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire:
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings.
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept, with hurry'd hands, the strings:
 With woful measures, wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd:
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.
 But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure!
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all her song:
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose:
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat.
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
 While each strain'd ball of sight—scor'd bursting from
 his head.
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state.
 Of differing themes the yeering song was mix'd:
 And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on
 Hate.

With

With eyes up-raiſ'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd;
And, from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And, daſhing ſoft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole;
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams, with fond delay,
(Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace and lonely muling)
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that daſe and thicket rung;
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs, and ſylvan Boys, were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
Fiſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſs'd;
But, ſoon he ſaw the briſk awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unweari'd miſtreſ dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
(Looſe were her trefles ſeen, her zone unbound)
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

— Collins.

III. HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you; trippingly on the tongue. But, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. And, do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither: but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you *o'erstep not the modesty of nature*: for, any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Trag. of Hamlet.

IV. PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY GARRICK, AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose,
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:

His

His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd ;
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Johnson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule.
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart :
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise :
A mortal born, he met the general doom ;
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Johnson's art, or Shakespeare's flame.
Themselves they copied : as they felt they writ :
Intrigue was plot ; obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend :
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long ;
Till shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the power of Tragedy declin'd ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread :
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled ;
Till shouting folly hail'd the joyous day,
When Pantomime and Song assum'd their sway.

Hard is his lot, who, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste,
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice :
The stage but echoes back the public voice :
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give ;
For we, that live to please, must please to live.

Then, prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die.
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense ;

To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth, and salutary woe;
 Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

Johnson.

V. EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF SEMIRAMIS.

DISHEVEL'D still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
 Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?—
 No, beauteous mourners! from whose downcast eyes
 The muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice;
 Whose gentle bosoms (pity's altars!) bear
 The crystal incense of each falling tear!
 There lives the poet's praise: no critic art
 Can match the comment—of a feeling heart.

When general plaudits speak the fable o'er,
 Which mute attention had approv'd before;
 Though ruder spirits love th' accusom'd jest
 Which chaces sorrow from the vulgar breast;
 Still, hearts refin'd their sadden'd tint retain;
 The sigh is pleasure, and the jest is pain:
 Scarce have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
 Though Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ.
 Thus, through the time when vernal fruits receive
 The grateful showers that hang on April's eve,
 Though every coarser stem of forest birth
 Throws, with the morning beam, its dews to earth,
 Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon,
 But, bath'd in Nature's tears, it droops till noon.

Oh, could the muse one simple moral teach,
 From scenes like these, which all who heard might reach!—
 Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art,
 Who, with Assyria's queen, has wept thy part—
 Go search where keener woes demand relief;—
 Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief,
 Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
 The graceful tear still lingering in thy eye;—
 Go—and on real misery bestow
 The blest effusion of fictitious woe.

So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
Deserve, indeed, the title of Divine:
Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
And Pity greet her—with a sister's love.

R. B. Sheridan.

VI. CAPTAIN BOBADIL'S METHOD OF DEFEATING AN
ARMY.

I WILL tell you, Sir, by the way of private and under-
seal, I am a gentleman; and live here obscure, and to
myself: but, were I known to his Majesty and the
 Lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor
 head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not on-
 ly to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but
 to save the one half, nay three fourths of his yearly
 charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever.
 And how would I do it, think you?—Why thus, Sir.
 —I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout
 the land: gentlemen they should be; of good spirit,
 strong and able constitution. I would choose them by
 an instinct that I have. And I would teach these nine-
 teen the special rules; as, your Punto, your Reverso,
 your Stoccata, your Imbroccata, your Passada, your Mon-
 tonto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as
 well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty
 thousand strong. We twenty would come into the
 field, the tenth of March or thereabouts; and we would
 challenge twenty of the enemy: they could not, in their
 honour, refuse us. Well—we would kill them: chal-
 lenge twenty more—kill them: twenty more—kill them:
 twenty more—kill them too. And, thus, would we
 kill, every man, his ten a-day—that's ten score: ten
 score—that's two hundred: two hundred a-day—five
 days, a thousand: forty thousand—forty times five—
 five times forty—two hundred days, kill them all up by
 computation. And thus I will venture my poor gentle-
 man-like carcase to perform (provided there be no trea-
 son practised upon us), by fair and discreet manhood;
 that is, civilly—by the sword.

Every Man in his Humour.

VII. MR AND MRS HARDCASTLE.

Mrs Hard. I vow, Mr Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hogs, and our neighbour, Mrs Grigby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home! In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us; but now, they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs Hard. Ay, your times were fine times, indeed: you have been telling us of them many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripple-gate, the lame dancing-master: and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love every thing that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*) you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs Hard. La, Mr Hardcastle, you're for ever at you're Dorothys and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see—twenty added to twenty—makes just—fifty and seven.

Mrs Hard. It's false, Mr Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs Hard. No matter; Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.

Hard. Learning, quotha!—A mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs Hard. Humour, my dear; nothing but humour. Come, Mr Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd fooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair; and when I went to make a bow—I popped my bald head in Mrs Frizzle's face.

Mrs Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and a fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs Hard. Well, well, we must not snub the poor boy, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—*(Tony hallooing behind the scenes)*—O, there he goes!—a very consumptive figure, truly.
She Sings to Conquer.

VIII. CATO AND DECIVS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Could he send it

M

To

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato? bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honours:
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar;
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life;
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate:
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him:
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'd'st see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me, are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul?
Bid him employ his care for these my friends.
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget:
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

Frag. of Cato.

IX. SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF CROSS PURPOSES.

Grub alone.

WHAT a miserable man I am! with a wife that is positive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hundred thousand pounds in the stocks.—I have not had one wink of sleep these four nights for them. Any one of them is enough to make any reasonable man mad; but

M. 2.

all

all three to be attended to at once, is too much. Ah, Jonathan Grub, Jonathan Grub! riches were always thy wish; and, now thou hast them, they are thy torment—Will this confounded broker of mine never come? Let's see—(*looking at his watch*)—'tis time he were come back.—Stocks fell three per cent. to-day, and, if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. (*A knocking at the door.*) There's Mr Consol, I am sure. Who's there? Does no body hear? Open the door, somebody. Oh, what infernal servants I have! Open the door for Mr Consol—I believe there never was any body so ill served as I am—Nobody to—O, Mr Consol, have they let you in?—

Consol enters.

Grub. Well, what says the ambassador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up? What says the ambassador's porter?

Con. Why, he says—Have you heard nothing since?

Grub. No, not a syllable. What does he say?

Con. Why he says—Good-lack, how fatigued I am! Ah, 'tis a sign I grow old, as I tell my wife—I ran all the way to tell you.

Grub. Well, well, what did he say? what did he say?

Con. Why, he said that his excellency was at home all last night.

Grub. Indeed! at home all last night—ay, reading the dispatches—a war as sure as can be—Oh! the stocks will fall to the devil to-morrow—I shall lose all I have in the world.—Why did I not take Whisper's advice, and sell out yesterday? I should have made one and a half per cent. and have been snug; but now—

Con. Why, but you are so hasty, Mr Grub, you are so hasty; you won't hear me out, you are so hasty, as I tell my wife.

Grub. O, hang your wife—hear you out! What more have you to say? Tell me.

Con. Why, the porter said his excellency was at home all the evening—

Grub.

Grub. Well, zounds, man, you said so before; why do you repeat it? you grow the errantest old fool I ever saw. But what of his being at home? tell me that.

Con. Why, I will, if you will but hear me out:—was at home all night—All night, says I?—Yes, sir, says he—

Grub. Oh, if you are got at your says-I's and says-he's—

Con. Nay, pray, Mr Grub, hear me out.

Grub. Well, well, well, I hear you, man; but, in the mean time, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow. Oh, this cursed Spanish war—I am sure we shall have a Spanish war—I always saw it would come to this—I was sure, at the time of the peace, that we should have a Spanish war one time or other—But prithee, man, do cut your story short.

Con. Well, well, to cut the story short, when I asked him if he could find out, or guess, what made the ambassador stay at home all night, he told me—

Grub. What, what?

Con. That the ambassador had a woman playing upon a fiddle to him all the evening.

Grub. A woman playing upon the fiddle? what! to an ambassador of one of the first powers in Europe?—It must be a joke:—Why, zounds, man, they make you believe any nonsense they invent.—An old fool—

Con. Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

Grub. Have ye? Well, what is it? None of your says-I's and says-he's now, I beg of you.

Con. Why, whom should I meet but our friend Ben Coolen coming hot foot to you from the India-house?

Grub. Indeed! Well, dear Consol, what is it?

Con. Why, he says there's great news: India stock is up six per cent. already, and expected to be as much more by Change-time to-morrow.

Grub. My dear Consol (*embracing him*) I thank you—that revives me. Then, hurry into the city as fast as you can, and buy as if the devil were in you: that re-

vives me; that's great news indeed. Zounds, the new-papers have put me into a devilish fright of late.

Con. Yes, Sir, to be sure they do keep a sad rumpus in the papers always.

Grub. Rumpus! why, man, I never know what to think; they puzzle me so—Why now, 'of a morning at breakfast,—in the first column, a friend to the stockholders shall tell me, and write very well and sensibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets—then that puts me into spirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary.—When I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again; another devilish clever fellow says we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns upon my stomach:—however this is substantial; so, my dear Consol, you are a very sensible man; and, if you could but learn to leave out your says-I's and says-he's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in.—Come, get you gone, for I have great business in hand—the marriage of my daughter, Consol, or I should go into the city with you myself.

Con. So, then, you have made up your matters with Lord Thoughtless?

Grub. No, no, Consol, not I indeed; he's none of my men, I promise you: I'll have none of your Lords for my son-in-law—that I can tell you.

Con. Ay, ay, very sad times among the quality, as I tell my wife.

Grub. But away, away, dear Consol, and be sure let me hear before bed-time what you have done: I'll be in the city by seven to-morrow morning.

Con. Very well, Mr Grub—I'll take care, I'll take care.—(*Going*)—O, but Mr Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welch rabbit with me some of these days, as you promised me. I have finished my room; the bow-window is finished.

Grub. Is it indeed?

Con. Yes; and charming pleasant it is.—I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow chandler's at the other.

Grub. Indeed!

Con.

Con. Yes : and not a soul can stir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I see them.

Grub. Ay ! why that is pleasant. Why, you have a knack at these things, *Consol* ; you are always improving—you have a knack at these things.

Con. Yes, I thank heaven ! I am always a-doing, now a bit, and then a bit, as I tell my wife.—Well, you'll be sure to come ?

Grub. Yes, yes, depend upon it I'll come—But, dear *Consol*, make haste now, if you love me. [*Exit Consol.*] Well ! now this goes as I would have it, this goes as I would have it.—If India stock rise six per cent. to-morrow, I shall make a great hand of it.—But now for this other affair—now for the marriage of my daughter.—I'm glad I was so fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman—a fine fortune, in parliament, and an oeconomist ; three things very much to my mind.—If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it—but she's the devil to deal with.—It was lucky I happened to meet with this man ; for the women are so agog now-a-days—and a fine young girl, with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, is so tempting an object—that the sooner you can get her married and safe out of your hands, the better—Ah !—now, if I could but double my capital, and bury my wife—(*Sighs*)—but there is no such thing as real happiness in this world.

Enter Mrs Grub.

O, Mrs Grub ! my dear, how d'ye do ?—What's the news ?

Mrs Grub. News, Mr Grub !—Will you never leave of that filthy vulgar city custom of yours, of asking every body you see for news ? news ! as if one were a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle or the public Ledger.—Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the rest of your neighbours ? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the saying of my dear poor brother Sir Tympany Tar-Barrel.

Grub. Your poor dear brother might say what he pleased ; but he would never do as I have done, leave the

the city and all his old friends, and begin the world as it were over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to stir out of Gutter-Lane.

Mrs Grub. Oh hideous ! name it not : but if you are at a loss for friends, why don't you do as I do, take pains to make them !—but no—I must do every thing for the honour and credit of our name ; and if I did not go about to the watering places in the summer, with my child, and pick up fashionable company, and make a point of playing high at their assemblies in winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this side Ludgate.—Mrs Deputy This, and Mrs Deputy T'other, and Alderman Goose, and Alderman Gander ; pretty creatures to introduce a young lady with the fortune that Miss Grub will have.

Grub. Why, it is very true, as you say, you have taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain—but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'ye think is dead—poor Alderman Marrowfat.

Mrs Grub. Oh, the filthy wretch ! I'm mighty glad on't—he ought to have died twenty years ago ! What was the matter with him ?

Grub. Apoplexy !—Ate as hearty a dinner at Girdler's hall as man could eat, and was dead before he could swallow “ church and state,” stiff before the second toast could go round !—Ah ! the fatal effects of luxury ! They will never leave their cursed improvements till they have killed us all—But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley ; India stock is mounting every minute.

Mrs Grub. I am very glad to hear it, my dear.

Grub. Yes ; I thought you would be glad to hear it. I have just sent Consol to the Alley to see how matters go—I should have gone myself—but I wanted to—open an affair of some importance to you—

Mrs Grub. Ay, ay, you have always some affair of great importance.

Grub. Nay, this is one.—I have been thinking, my dear, that it is high time we had fixed our daughter ; 'tis high time Emily were married.

Mrs.

Mrs Grub. You think so, do you? I have thought so many a time these three years; and so has Emily too, I fancy.—I wanted to talk to you upon the same subject.

Grub. You did? Well, I declare that's pat enough, he, he, he! (*laughing.*)—I vow and protest I'm pleased at this.—Why, our inclinations do seldom jump together.

Mrs Grub. Jump, quotha! no I should wonder they did—And how comes it now to pass? What, I suppose you have been employing some of your brokers as usual; or, perhaps, advertising as you used to do—but I expect to hear no more of those tricks, now we are come to this end of the town.

Grub. No, no, my dear, this is no such matter: the gentleman I intend——

Mrs Grub. You intend!

Grub. Yes, I intend.

Mrs Grub. You intend!—What, do you presume to dispose of my child without my consent?—Look you, Mr Grub, as I have always said, mind your money-matters; look to your *bulls*, and your *bears*, and your *lame ducks*, and take care they don't make you waddle out of the Alley, as the saying is—but leave to me the management of my child—What! things are come to a fine pass indeed! I suppose you intend to marry the poor innocent to one of your city cronies, your factors, your supercargoes, packers, or dry-falters; but thank my stars, I have washed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr Grub; no, I'll have none of them—It shall never be said, that, after coming to this end of the town, the great Miss Grub was forced to trudge in to the city again for a husband.

Grub. Why, zounds, you are mad, Mrs Grub.

Mrs Grub. No, you shall find I am not mad, Mr Grub; that I know how to dispose of my child, Mr Grub.—What! did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and shall she now be disposed of without consulting me?

Grub.

Grub. Why, the devil's in you certainly! If you will but hear me, you shall be consulted.—Have I not always consulted you—was I not inclined, to please you, to marry my daughter to a lord?—and has she not been hawked about, till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn up their noses at you and your daughter?—Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtless, and my Lord Maukin? and did we not agree, for the first time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality, now-a-days, marry only for a winter or so?

Mrs Grub. Very well, we did so—and who, pray, is the proper person to find out a match for her?—Who, but her mother, Mr Grub, who goes into company with no other view, Mr Grub—who flatters herself that she is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr Grub—Yes, Mr Grub, as good a judge as any woman on earth, Mr Grub.

Grub. That I believe, Mrs Grub.

Mrs Grub. Who then but me should have the disposal of her?—and very well I have disposed of her—I have got her a husband in my eye.

Grub. You got her a husband!

Mrs Grub. Yes, I have got her a husband.

Grub. No, no, no, Mrs Grub, that will never do—What the vengeance! have I been toiling upwards of fifty years—up early, down late, shopkeeper and housekeeper, made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy—and now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child, is in agitation, shall I not speak? shall I not have leave to approve of her husband?

Mrs Grub. Hey-day! you are getting into your tantrums, I see.

Grub. What! did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening?—Did I not, to please you, take this house here?—nay, did I not make a fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and go out of a room with the grown gentlemen in Cow-lane?—Did I not put on a sword too at your desire?—

and

and had I not like to have broke my neck down stairs, by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical lady What-d'ye-call-her's route?—and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me?—

Mrs Grub. And well they might, truly. An obstinate old fool!—

Grub. Ay, ay, that may be; but I'll have my own way.—I'll give my daughter to the man I like.—I'll have no Sir This, nor Lord T'other—I'll have no fellow with his waist down to his knees, and a skirt like a monkey's jacket—with a hat not so big as its button, his shoe-buckles upon his toes, and a cue thicker than his leg!

Mrs Grub. Why, Mr Grub, you are raving, distracted, surely. No, the man I propose—

Grub. And the man I propose—

Mrs Grub. Is a young gentleman of fortune, discretion, parts, sobriety, and connections—

Grub. And the man I propose is a gentleman of abilities, fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue—

Mrs Grub. And his name is—

Grub. And his name is Bevil.

Mrs Grub. Bevil!

Grub. Yes, Bevil, I say, and a very pretty name too.

Mrs Grub. What! Mr Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Grub. Yes, Mr Bevil of Lincolnshire.

Mrs Grub. O, my dear Mr Grub, you delight me: Mr Bevil is the very man I meant.

Grub. Is it possible? Why, where have you met with him?

Mrs Grub. O, at several places; but particularly at Lady Matchem's assemblies.

Grub. Indeed! Was ever any thing so fortunate?—Did'n't I tell you that our inclinations jumped? he, he, he!—But I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you.

Mrs Grub. Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he should never tell me he had met with you: but I see he is a prudent man; he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him?

Grub.

Grub. Why he bought some stock of me, and so we came acquainted: but I am so overjoyed, adod, I scarce know what to say. My dear Mrs Grub, let's send for the child, and open the business at once to her—I am so overjoyed—who would have thought it?—Let's send for Emily—poor dear little soul, she little thinks how happy we are going to make her.

X. CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO JOIN THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CÆSAR.

HONOUR is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But, ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas; our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true; this god did shake:

His

His coward lips did from their colour fly :
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
“ Alas ! ” it cry’d — “ Give me some drink, Titinius ” —

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone. —

Brutus and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar ?

Why, should that name be sounded more than yours ?

Write them together ; yours is as fair a name :

Sound them ; it doth become the mouth as well :

Weigh them ; it is as heavy : conjure with ’em ;

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,

Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he has grown so great ? Age, thou art sham’d ;

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam’d with more than with one man ?

When could they say, till now, that talk’d of Rome,

That her wide walls encompass’d but one man ?

Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, that would have brook’d

Th’ infernal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

Trag. of Julius Cæsar.

XI. FALSTAFF’S ENCOMIUMS ON SACK.

A GOOD sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. — It ascends me into the brain : dries me there, all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it ; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive ; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. —

The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming of the blood ; which, before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it,

N

and

and make it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me, all to their captain, the heart; who, great and puffed up with this retire, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of sherris. So that, skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere board of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land; manured, husbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris.—If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—To forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

2nd. *Henry Fourth.*

XII. HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS, AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it.
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war proof;
Fathers that like so many Alexanders,

Have,

Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call fathers did beget you:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war: And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture. Let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eye.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, Heav'n for Harry, England, and St George.
Shakespeare.

XIII. HENRY IV.'S SOLILOQUY, ON RECEIVING NEWS, IN

THE NIGHT, OF A REBELLION AGAINST HIM.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in sinoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody!
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common larum bell?—
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And, in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,

That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes,
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?—Then, happy downy down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Shakespeare.*

XIV. SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be—or not to be—that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
 No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.—To die—to sleep—
 To sleep—perchance to dream—ay there's the rub—
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin! Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others, that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment

With

With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Shakespeare.*

XV. FALSTAFF'S SOLILOQUY ON HONOUR.

OWE Heaven a death!—'Tis not due yet; and I would
be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so
forward with him that calls not on me?—Well, 'tis no
matter—honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick
me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to
a leg? no: or an arm! no: or take away the grief of a
wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery then?
no. What is honour? a word. What is that word
honour? air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that
died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he
hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead.
But will it not live with the living? no. Why? de-
traction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it.
Honour is a mere scutcheon—and so ends my cate-
chism. *A Henry Fourth.*

XVI. PRIOLI AND JAFFIER.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! Be gone, and
leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall.
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice or the doing wrong,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wrong'd you!

Pri. Yes, wrong'd me. In the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
When you first came home from travel,
With such hopes as made you look'd on
By all men's eyes a youth of expectation,
Pleas'd with your seeming virtue, I received you;

Courted and sought to raise you to your merits;
 My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
 My very self was yours; you might have us'd me
 To your best service; like an open friend
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
 When, in requital of my best endeavours;
 You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
 Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling
 My only child, and stole her from my bosom.

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her:
 Childless you had been else, and in the grave
 Your name extinct; no more I shou'd hear of.
 You may remember, scarce five years are past,
 Since, in your brigantine, you sail'd to see
 The Adriatic wedded by our Duke;
 And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot
 Dash'd us upon a rock, when to your boat
 You made for safety; entered first yourself
 Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next
 As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
 Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
 When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
 And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
 Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
 Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
 And, with the other, dash'd the faucy waves,
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
 I brought her; gave her to your despairing arms.
 Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
 Rose in her soul; for from that hour she lov'd me;
 Till, for her life, she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief, you stole her
 At dead of night. That cursed hour you chose
 To rife me of all my heart held dear.
 May all your joys in her prove false like mine.
 A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
 Attend you both. Continual discord make
 Your days and nights bitter and grievous still.
 May the hard hand of a vexatious need

Oppress

Oppress and grind you ; till, at last, you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty.
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandfire,
And happier than his father.

Pri. No more.

Jaff. Yes, all ; and, then—adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than I : for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty ; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning ;
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble. Study to retrench.
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly.
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state.
Then, to some suburb cottage both retire ;
Drudge, to feed loathsome life ; get brats, and starve.
Home, home, I say.— [Exit.]

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart : home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and dam'd up with gaping creditors.
I've now not fifty ducats in the world ;
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
Oh, Belvidera ! Oh ! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together—
But ne'er know comfort more. *Venice Preserved.*

XVII. EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY GARRICK (ON HIS QUITTING
THE STAGE, JUNE 1776) TOWARDS INCREASING THE
FUND FOR THE BENEFIT OF DECAYED ACTORS.

A Veteran see ! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age.
Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind :

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind;
 Shall the great heroes of celestial wine,
 Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine;
 Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
 Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar;
 Shall they who govern'd fortune, cringe and court her,
 Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
 Sha'n't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in gore;
 Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
 Who numbers slew in battle on this plain;
 Sha'n't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
 Brother to all, with equal love I view
 The men who slew me, and the men I slew.—
 Suppose the babes I smother'd in the Tower,
 By chance, or sickness, lose their acting power;
 Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd;
 In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd, starv'd?
 Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
 Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
 With grisly beard, pale cheek—stall up and down;
 And he, the Royal Dane, want half a crown?
 Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!
 Give joy to age, and let them say—You did it.—
 To you, ye gods†! I make my last appeal:
 You have a right to judge as well as feel.
 Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,
 That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may dine?‡
 Olympus shakes!—that omen all secures:
 May every joy you give be tenfold yours! *Garrick.*

XVIII. THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE.

ALL the world's a stage;
 And all the men and women, merely players.
 They have their exits, and their entrances;
 And one man, in his time, plays many parts;
 His acts being seven ages—At first, the Infant;
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.—
 And, then, the whining School-boy; with his fatchel
 And shining morning-face, creeping, like snail,
Unwillingly

† To the upper gallery.

‡ A clapping of hands here.

Unwillingly to school.—And, then, the Lover, A fellow
Sighing like furnace; with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.—Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour; sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble Reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.—And, then, the Justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd:
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part.—The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide;
For his shunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.—Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second Childishness, and mere Oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

ABRAHAM: I have a crown.
DOROTHY: I have a crown.
Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!
Give joy to age, and let them say—You did it—
To you, ye gods! I make my last appeal:
You have a right to judge as well as I.
Will your high wisdoms to our solemn justice
That kings, dukes, heroes, gods, and ghosts may think
Quarrels takes!—that men all know
May every joy you give be tenfold yours!

THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE.

All the world's a stage;
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man, in his time, plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages.—At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.—
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly

1. The verb, denoting being or acting; as, *exists, writes.*
2. The adverb, added to verbs or adjectives; as, *quickly.*
3. The preposition, prefixed to various parts of speech;
4. The conjunction, connecting sentences; as, *and.*
5. The interjection, expressing emotion;

COMPENDIUM

OF THE NOUNS

ENGLISH GRAMMAR,

EXERCISES IN ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

PART I.

OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

- Question.** What is grammar? †
- Answer.** Grammar is the art of rightly expressing our thoughts by words.
1. How many sorts of words, or parts of speech, are there in English?
2. In English, there are eight sorts of words, or parts of speech—noun, pronoun, adnoun, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, interjection.
1. The noun, or name; as, *John, man, table.*
 2. The pronoun, used instead of a noun; as, *I, you, he.*
 3. The adnoun, added to nouns; as, *great, round.*

† This compendium may be taught with or without the questions.

4. The verb, denoting being or acting ; as, *exist, write*.
5. The adverb, added to verbs or adnouns ; as *wisely*,
very.
6. The preposition, prefixed to various parts of speech ;
as, *to, from, by*.
7. The conjunction, connecting sentences ; as, *and*,
but.
8. The interjection, expressing briefly an emotion ;
as, *O, alas, fy!*

I. OF THE NOUN, OR SUBSTANTIVE.

Question. What is a noun or substantive ?

Answer A noun, or substantive, is the name of any person or thing ; as, *John, man, table*.

2. How many sorts of nouns are there ?

A. There are two sorts of nouns ; common and proper. Common nouns are applied to a whole kind or species ; as *animal, man, city* : proper nouns are used to distinguish individuals ; as, *George, London*.

2. What is meant by number in grammar ; and how many numbers are there ?

A. Number, in grammar, means the distinction of one from more. There are, therefore, two numbers—the singular, when only one person or thing is meant ; the plural, when two or more persons or things are spoken of : as, *boy, boys : house, houses*.

2. How is the plural number generally formed ?

A. The plural number is generally formed by adding *s* to the singular ; or *es* where the pronunciation requires it : as, *mountain, mountains ; church, churches*. Some monosyllables, ending in *f*, or *fe*, change *f* into *v* as, *leaf, leaves* ; and nouns, ending in *y* preceded by a consonant, form the plural by the termination *ies* ; as, *body, bodies*. Several nouns form the plural quite irregularly ; as *tooth, teeth ; penny, pence*. Some nouns have only the singular form ; as, *sheep, deer* : others have only the plural ; as, *snuffers, scissers, tongs, bells, jaws, lungs, asses*.

Variation

Variation of nouns, according to number.

Town, towns; river, rivers; table, tables; house, houses. Watch, watches; bush, bushes; witness, witnesses; fox, foxes. Shelf, shelves; wolf, wolves; calf, calves; half, halves; loaf, loaves; sheaf, sheaves; leaf, leaves; knife, knives; wife, wives. Mercy, mercies; body, bodies; story, stories; city, cities. Man, men; woman, women; child, children; brother, brethren or brothers; foot, feet; ox, oxen; mouse, mice; die, dice; goose, geese; phenomenon, phenomena; cherub, cherubim; seraph, seraphim; radius, radii; genus, genera.

Q. What is meant by gender; and how many genders are there?

A. Gender means the distinction of sex. Properly speaking, therefore, there are only two genders; the masculine, denoting a male; as, *boy*; and the feminine, denoting a female; as, *girl*: nouns, however, denoting neither male nor female, are said to be of the neuter gender; as, *country, marble*. The variation of nouns, with regard to gender, is governed by no certain rule; though a considerable number of them end with *ess* in the feminine; as, *actor, actress*.

Nouns of the masculine gender, with their corresponding feminine nouns.

Bachelor, maid or virgin; boar, sow; boy, girl; bridegroom, bride; brother, sister; buck, doe; bull, cow; cock, hen; drake, duck; drone, bee; earl, countess; father, mother; friar, nun; gander, goose; grandfather, grandmother; hero, heroine; horse, mare; husband, wife; king, queen; lad, lass; lord, lady; man, woman; nephew, niece; ram, ewe; son, daughter; sultan, sultana; stag, hind; steer, heifer; uncle, aunt; widower, widow. Abbot, abbess; baron, baroness, chanter, chantress; count, countess; emperor, empress; governor, governess; heir, heiress; hunter, huntress; lion, lioness; marquis, marchioness; master, mistress; mayor, mayoress; patron, patroness; priest, priestess; prince,

prince, princess; prior, prioress; poet, poetess; prophet, prophetess; shepherd, shepherdess; suitor, suitress; tiger, tigress; traitor, traitress; viscount, viscountess; votary, votarefs.—Administrator, administratrix; executor, executrix; testator, testatrix.—Male-child, female-child; man-servant, maid-servant; cock-sparrow, hen-sparrow.

Q. What are nouns denoting possession called?

A. Nouns denoting possession are called possessive nouns; as, *Thomas's book*; *a man's property* *.

II. OF THE PRONOUN.

Q. What is a pronoun?

A. A pronoun is a word used instead of a noun; as, *I, you, he*.

Q. What particulars are to be considered in the pronoun?

A. In the pronoun are to be considered the person, number, gender, and state.

Q. What is meant by the persons of pronouns?

A. The words denoting the person or persons *speaking*, the person or persons spoken *to*, and the person or persons (or thing or things) spoken *of*, are called, respectively, the first, second, and third persons, singular or plural; as in the pronouns, *I, thou, he; we, you, they*.

O

Q. In

* This form of the noun corresponds with what is called the Genitive Case in the Latin and some other languages. Cases are the changes made in those languages, upon the terminations of nouns, to express different connections and relations of one thing to another. The English language expresses these, for the most part, as in the following table,

Cases	Sing.	Plur.
Nominative	a man,	men,
Genitive	of a man,	of men,
Dative	to or for a man,	to or for men,
Accusative	a man,	men,
Vocative	O man,	O men,
Ablative, with, from, in, by	a man.	With, from, in, by men.

Q. In which of the persons of pronouns is the distinction of gender pointed out?

A. The distinction of gender is pointed out only in the pronouns of the third person singular; as, *he, she, it*.

Q. What is meant by the states of pronouns?

A. That form of the pronoun which generally goes before the verb is called the foregoing state; and that which generally comes after it, the following state, as in the expressions, *he loves him; she loves her*.

Q. What are pronouns denoting possession called?

A. Pronouns denoting possession are called possessive pronouns; as *my, mine; thy, thine* *.

Table of pronouns, according to their person, number, gender, and state.

Foreg. State. Pers.	Foll. State.	Possess. Pron.
1. Singular. I,	Me,	My or mine.
2. Thou or you,	Thee or y ^e , Him, her, it,	Thy or thine, your or yours. His, her or hers, its.
3. Plural. We,	Us,	Our or ours.
2. You †,	You,	Your or yours.
3. They,	Them,	Their or th ^e irs ‡.
Who,	Whom,	Whole.

Other Pronouns.

Myself, thyself, yourself, himself, herself, itself; ourselves, yourselves, themselves.—This, these; that, those; each, every; other, others; another, others; which, what.

III.

* Possessive, and other pronouns, which connect with nouns, are sometimes called pronominal adnouns or adjectives.—Applying the term *Cases* to pronouns, the foregoing state may be called the Nominative, the following state the Accusative, and the Possessive form the Genitive.

† *Ye* is sometimes written instead of *you* in the plural.

‡ *My, thy, her, our, your, and their*, are used before the noun; *mine, thine, hers, ours, yours, and theirs*, after it; thus: *This is my house; or this house is mine.*"

III. OF THE ADNOUN, OR ADJECTIVE.

Q. What is an adnoun, or adjective ?

A. An adnoun or adjective, is a word added to a noun, to express some quality, property, or circumstance, of the person or thing mentioned ; as, *wise, great, round*.

Q. What variation does the adnoun admit of ?

A. The only variation which the adnoun admits of (some pronominal adnouns excepted) is that of degrees of comparison.

Q. How many degrees of comparison are there ?

A. There are three degrees of comparison ; the positive, comparative, and superlative.

Q. What is meant by these degrees ?

A. The positive expresses a quality of a person or thing simply, without any comparison ; as, John is a *wise* man. The comparative expresses the quality in a somewhat higher degree ; as, James is a *wiser* man. The superlative expresses the quality in the highest degree of all ; as Charles is the *wisest* man.

Q. How are the comparative and superlative degrees formed ?

A. The comparative and superlative degrees are formed by giving the positive the terminations *er* and *est* ; or by prefixing to it the words *more* and *most* : thus, *wise, wiser or more wise, wisest or most wise* *. The words *less* and *least* are sometimes prefixed to the positive, to denote inferior degrees of the quality ; as, *wise, less wise, least wise*.

Adjectives that are varied irregularly.

<i>Positive.</i>	<i>Comparative.</i>	<i>Superlative.</i>
Good	better	best.
Bad	worse	worst.
Little	less	least.
Much or many	more	most.
Near	nearer	nearest or next.
Late	later	latest or last.

O 2

Q.

* Of these methods of forming the degrees of comparison, that is to be preferred which is most agreeable to the ear.

Q. What are the words *a*, *an*, and *the*, commonly called?

A. The words *a*, *an*, and *the*, though they may be included under the denomination of adnouns, are commonly called articles.

Q. How are the articles used?

A. The article *a* is put before words beginning with a consonant: and *an* before words beginning with a vowel, or a silent *h*; as, *a boy*, *an arm*, *an hour*. *A* or *an* is used only in speaking of one person or thing; *the* is applied either to one or more: as, *a field*, *the field*, *the fields*. *A* or *an*, also, has an indefinite or general kind of signification; *the* has a definite or more limited meaning; as,—*I met a tall man yesterday*.—*There is the tall man whom I met yesterday*.—Hence *a* or *an* is called the indefinite, and *the* the definite article.

IV. OF THE VERB.

Q. What is a verb?

A. A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to be acted upon; as, *John lives*, *John beats*, *John is beaten*.

Q. What kinds of verbs are there?

A. Verbs are either helping or principal; regular or irregular; active, passive, or neuter.

Q. How are these distinguished?

A. A helping or auxiliary verb is a verb added to another verb, to point out the time, or some other circumstance; and the verb to which it is added is called the principal verb: as, *I shall write*.—A verb is said to be regular, which ends in the past time with *ed*, as *love*. All other verbs are said to be irregular; as *rise*.—An active verb denotes acting upon, as, *John beats Thomas*: a passive verb denotes being acted upon; as, *Thomas is beaten by John*.—A verb is said to be neuter, when its meaning terminates with the subject of the verb; as, *I am*, *you sit*, *he sleeps*.

Q. What other particulars are to be considered in the verb?

A. In the verb are also to be considered the person, number, time, mode, and participle.

Q. How many persons and numbers have verbs?

A. Verbs have three persons (first, second, and third), and two numbers (singular and plural), corresponding with those of the several personal pronouns.

Q. How many times or tenses?

A. The times or tenses of verbs are six—the present-imperfect, past-imperfect, and future-imperfect; present-perfect, past-perfect, and future-perfect: so denominated, according as the being or doing is represented imperfectly or perfectly; that is, as passing in such time, or then finished.

Q. How many modes?

A. The modes (or different ways in which the being or doing is spoken of) are five, viz. the infinitive, indicative, potential, conjunctive, and imperative.

Q. What is a participle?

A. That form of a verb which partakes somewhat of the nature of an adnoun is called a participle.

Q. How many kinds of participles are there?

A. There are two kinds of participles, the active and passive: the former denoting action; the latter, the suffering or receiving of an action; as, *loving*, *loved*. The active participle always ends in *ing*; the passive generally in *ed*.

VARIATION OF HELPING VERBS.

Have. I have, thou hast or you have, he hath or has; we, you, or they have.

Had. I had, thou hadst or you had, he had; we, you, or they had.

Shall. I shall, thou shalt or you shall, he shall; we, you, or they shall.

Will. I will, thou wilt or you will, he will; we, you, or they will.

Do. I do, thou dost or you do, he doth or does; we, you, or they do.

Did. I did, thou didst or you did, he did; we, you, or they did.

May. I may, thou mayst or you may, he may; we, you, or they may.

O 3

Might.

- Might.** I might, thou mightest or you might, he might; we, you, or they might.
- Can.** I can, thou canst or you can, he can; we, you, or they can.
- Could.** I could, thou couldst or you could, he could; we, you, or they could.
- Would.** I would, thou wouldst or you would, he would; we, you, or they would.
- Should.** I should, thou shouldst or you should, he should; we, you, or they should.
- Must.** I must, thou must or you must, he must; we, you, or they must.
- Dare.** I dare, thou dardest or you dare, he dareth or dares; we, you, or they dare.
- Durst.** I durst, thou durst or you durst, he durst; we, you, or they durst.
- Ought.** I ought, thou oughtst or you ought, he ought; we, you, or they ought.

Helping, or principal verb—BE.

Infinitive mode.

Imperfect form—To be. Perfect—To have been.

Indicative mode.

<i>Present</i>	} Imperfect.	I am, thou art or you are, he is; we, you, or they are.
<i>Past</i>		I was, thou wast or you were, he was; we, you, or they were.
<i>Future</i>		I shall or will be, thou shalt or wilt be or you shall or will be, he shall or will be; we, you, or they shall or will be.
<i>Present</i>	} Perfect.	I have been, thou hast been or you have been, he hath or has been; we, you, or they have been.
<i>Past</i>		I had been, thou hadst been or you had been, he had been; we, you, or they had been.
<i>Future</i>		I shall or will have been, thou shalt or wilt have been, or you shall or will have been, he shall or will have been; we, you, or they shall or will have been.

Potential

Potential mode.

Imperfect form. I may be, thou mayst be or you may be, he may be; we, you, or they may be.

Perfect form. I may have been, though mayst have been or you may have been, he may have been; we, you, or they may have been*.

Conjunctive mode.

<i>Present</i>	} <i>Imperfect.</i>	If I be, if thou be or if you be, if he be; &c. †.
<i>Past</i>		If I were, if thou were or if you were, if he were; &c.
<i>Future</i>		If I shall or will be, if thou shall or will be or if you shall or will be, if he shall or will be; &c.
<i>Present</i>	} <i>Perfect.</i>	If I have been, if thou have been or if you have been, if he have been; &c.
<i>Past</i>		If I had been, if thou had been or if you had been, if he had been; &c.
<i>Future</i>		If I shall or will have been, if thou shall or will have been or if you shall or will have been, if he shall or will have been; &c.

Imperative mode.

Let me be, be thou or you or do thou or you be, let him be; let us be, be you or do you be, let them be.

Participles.

Active.—Being.

Passive.—Been.

Regular

* *Might, can, could, would, should, must, dare, durst, and ought,* are also signs of the potential mode, and may be substituted instead of *may*, according as the speakers meaning requires.

† In the conjunctive mode the verb is the same through all the persons singular and plural. The potential mode becomes conjunctive by prefixing a conjunction; as, If I may be, if thou may be or if you may be, &c.

Regular principal verb—LOVE.

Infinitive mode.

Imperfect—To love.

Perfect—To have loved.

Indicative mode.

<i>Present</i>	} <i>Imperfect.</i>	I love, thou lovest or you love, he loveth or loves; we, you, or they love.
<i>Past</i>		I loved, thou lovedst or you loved, he loved; we, you, or they loved.
<i>Future</i>		I shall or will love, thou shalt or wilt love or you shall or will love, he shall or will love; we, you, or they shall or will love.
<i>Present</i>	} <i>Perfect.</i>	I have loved, thou hast loved or you have loved, he hath or has loved; we, you, or they have loved.
<i>Past</i>		I had loved, thou hadst loved or you had loved, he had loved; we, you, or they had loved.
<i>Future</i>		I shall or will have loved, thou shalt or wilt have loved or you shall or will have loved, he shall or will have loved; we, you, or they shall or will have loved *.

Potential mode.

*Imperfect.—*I may love, thou mayst love or you may love, he may love; we, you, or they may love.

*Perfect.—*I may have loved, thou mayst have loved or you may have loved, he may have loved; we, you, or they may have loved †.

Conjunctive

* The present and past imperfect times of the indicative mode may be expressed with the helping verbs *do* and *did*, thus:—I do love, thou dost love or you do love, he doth or does love; &c.—I did love, thou didst love or you did love, he did love; &c.—This manner of speaking is seldom used, except for the sake of emphasis.

† See notes, page 163.

Conjunctive mode.

<i>Present</i>	} Imperfect.	If I love, if thou love or if you love, if he love ; &c.
<i>Past</i>		If I loved, if thou loved or if you loved, if he loved ; &c.
<i>Future</i>		If I shall or will love, if thou shall or will love or if you shall or will love, if he shall or will love ; &c.
<i>Present</i>	} Perfect.	If I have loved, if thou have loved or if you have loved, if he have loved ; &c.
<i>Past</i>		If I had loved, if thou had loved or if you had loved, if he had loved ; &c.
<i>Future</i>		If I shall or will have loved, if thou shall or will have loved or if you shall or will have loved, if he shall or will have loved ; &c.

Imperative mode.

Let me love, love thou or you or do thou or you love, let him love ; let us love, love you or do you love, let them love.

Participles.

Active.—Loving. *Passive.*—Loved.

Q. How are the participles used ?

A. The participles are used after the variation of the verb *be* ; which, with the active participle, denotes action ; with the passive participle, denotes the suffering or receiving of an action, as in the following example.

TO BE, *with the active participle* BEATING.

Infinitive mode.

Imperfect.—To be beating. *Perfect.*—To have been beating.

Indicative.

Present imperfect.—I am beating, thou art beating or you are beating, he is beating ; &c. &c.

TO

TO BE, with the *passive participle* BEATEN †.

Infinitive mode.

Imperfect.—To be beaten. *Perfect.*—To have been beaten.

Indicative.

Present imperfect.—I am beaten, thou art beaten or you are beaten, he is beaten; &c. &c.

Irregular verbs.

Arise, arose, arisen †; beat, beat, beaten; begin, began, begun; bend, bent, bent; unbend, unbent, unbent; be-reave, bereft*, bereft*; beseech, besought, besought; bid, bade, bidden; bind, bound, bound; bite, bit, bitten; bleed, bled, bled; blow, blew, blown; break, broke, broken; breed, bred, bred; bring, brought, brought; build, built, built; burst, burst, burst or bursten; buy, bought, bought; cast, cast, cast; catch, caught, caught; chide, chid, chidden; choose, chose, chosen; cleave, clove*, cloven; cling, clung, clung; clothe, clad*, clad*; come, came, come; cost, cost, cost; crow, crew, crowed; cut, cut, cut; dare, durst*, dared; dig, dug, dug; draw, drew, drawn; drink, drank, drunk; drive, drove, driven; do, did, done; eat, ate, eaten; fall, fell, fallen; feed, fed, fed; fight, fought, fought; find, found, found; flee, fled, fled; fling, flung, flung; fly, flew, flown; forsake, forsook, forsaken; freeze, froze, frozen; get, got, got or gotten; give, gave, given; go, went, gone; grind, ground, ground; grow, grew, grown; hang, hung*, hung; have, had, had; hear, heard, heard; hew, hewed, hewn*; hide, hid, hidden; hit, hit, hit; hold, held, held; hurt, hurt, hurt; knit, knit,

† The passive participle added to the variation of the verb *be*, forms what is called the passive verb, or passive voice of a verb.

‡ *Arise, arose, arisen*, are, respectively, the form of the verb *arise*, in the first person singular of the present-imperfect, past-imperfect, and present-perfect times, indicative mode. Hence the verb *arise* may be easily varied through all the modes. A similar observation might be made with respect to the other verbs in this catalogue.

* The asterisk denotes, that the verb to which it is affixed is *regular* as well as *irregular*.

knit, knit ; know, knew, known ; lay, laid, laid ; lead, led, led ; leave, left, left ; lend, lent, lent ; let, let, let ; lie, lay, lain ; lose, lost, lost ; make, made, made ; meet, met, met ; mow, mowed, mown * ; pay, paid, paid ; put, put, put ; read, read, read ; rend, rent, rent ; rid, rid, rid ; ride, rode, ridden ; ring, rung, rung ; rise, rose, risen ; run, ran, run ; say, said, said ; saw, sawed, sawn * ; see, saw, seen ; seek, sought, sought ; seeth, seethed, foddenn ; sell, sold, sold ; send, sent, sent ; set, set, set ; shake, shook, shaken ; load, loaded, loaden *or* laden * ; shave, shaved, shaven * ; shear, shorn * , shorn ; shed, shed, shed ; shine, shone * , shone * ; shoe, shod, shod ; shoot, shot, shot ; show, showed, shown * ; shrink, shrunk, shrunk ; shut, shut, shut ; sing, sung, sung ; sink, sunk, sunk ; sit, sat, sitten ; slay, slew, slain ; slide, slid, slidden ; sling, slung, slung ; slit, slit, slit ; smite, smote, smitten ; snow, snowed, snowed * ; sow, sowed, sown * ; speak, spoke, spoken ; speed, sped, sped ; spend, spent, spent ; spin, span, spun ; spit, spat, spitten ; split, split, split ; spread, spread, spread ; spring, sprung, sprung ; stand, stood, stood ; steal, stole, stolen ; stick, stuck, stuck ; sting, stung, stung ; stride, strode, stridden ; strike, struck, struck *or* stricken ; string, strung, strung ; strive, strove, striven ; strew, strewed, strewn ; swear, sworn, sworn ; sweat, sweat, sweat *or* sweaten ; swell, swelled, swollen ; swim, swam, swum ; swing, swung, swung ; take, took, taken ; teach, taught, taught ; tear, tore, torn ; tell, told, told ; think, thought, thought ; thrive, throve, thriven ; throw, threw, thrown ; thrust, thrust, thrust ; tread, trode, trodden ; wear, wore, worn ; weave, wove * , woven * ; wet, wet, wet ; win, won, won ; work, wrought * , wrought * ; wring, wrung, wrung ; write, wrote, written.

V. OF THE ADVERB.

Q. What is an adverb ?

A. An adverb is a word added to a verb, to an adjective, or to another adverb, to denote some circumstance of an action or quality ; as, John sings *well* ; he walks *slowly* ; you are *extremely* clever ; I was *very much* mistaken.

List

List of Adverbs.

Now, instantly, presently, immediately, soon, to-day, to-night, to-morrow, yesterday, already, hitherto, heretofore, hereafter, when, then, soon, sooner, soonest.—Here, there, where, herein, thereof, whereby, hither, thither, whither, upward, downward, forward, backward, hence, thence, whence.—Once, twice, thrice, oft, often, oftner, oftneft, oftentimes, always, seldom, hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, yearly.—First, secondly, thirdly, fourthly.—Perhaps, haply, peradventure, possibly, probably, truly, verily, certainly, assuredly, undoubtedly, yea, yes, nay, no, not.—Together, apart, afunder, separately.—How, why, wherefore.—As, so, very, exceeding, exceedingly, more, most, much.—Wisely, foolishly, wickedly, gracefully, commendably.

VI. OF PREPOSITIONS.

Q. What is a preposition?

A. A preposition is a word which naturally requires some word or words to follow it, and which serves to connect words with one another and to show the relation between them: as, Thomas went *to* town; John came *from* France; He is supported *by* his friends.

List of Prepositions.

Of, for, from, by, at, in, into, on, upon, to, into, with, within, without, toward, towards, above, below, over, under, beneath, about, around, before, behind, after, against, among, amongst, beside, besides, between, betwixt, beyond, through, throughout.

VII. OF CONJUNCTIONS.

Q. What is a conjunction?

A. A conjunction is a word that joins sentences together and shows the manner of their dependence upon one another: as, You, *and* I, *and* Peter, rode to London; You *and* I rode to London, *but* Peter staid at home.

List

List of Conjunctions.

And, also, likewise, either, neither, or, nor, but, yet, if, though, although, except, unless, because, lest, notwithstanding.

VIII. OF INTERJECTIONS.

Q What is an interjection?

A. An interjection is a word thrown into a sentence, to express briefly some emotion or passion of the mind; as, *O! alas, fy!*

List of Interjections.

O, oh, ah, ha, alas, alack, la, behold, fy, po, phaw, hush, ho, toho, huzza.

Adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections, are invariable, excepting some adverbs, which have degrees of comparison: as, *soon, sooner, soonest; oft or often, oftner, oftneft; wisely, more wisely, most wisely, &c.*

P A R T. II.

OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF SENTENCES.

RULE I.

The Verb should agree with its Subject in number and person: as, The *men are* there.

Errors to be corrected.

The ships is arrived. Is your relations in town? Is the horses watered? The stockings is mended. The streets is dirty. My father and mother is gone abroad. The bellows is broken. The tongs is lost. Where is the snuffers?—We was in the country. You was in bed. They was at the play. Was you awake? Was your sisters at home? There was twenty. Who was all there?—His friends has forsaken him. My brother and sister has seen it. Has the servants been there? Has the goods been sold? The children has supped. The men has fought. The boys has been at school.—Good and bad comes to all. Time and tide waits for no man.

RULE II.

The Subject of a Verb, when a pronoun, should be in the Foregoing state, the Object of a verb active, in the Following: as, *He loves her*.

Errors.

There was him, her, and me. Him and her was married. Who opened the door? Me. Who put up the window? Him. Who blew out the candle? Her. Who gained the prize? Us. Who tore the book? Them.
No

No man is so brave as him, nor any woman so handsome as her. You are wiser than them. He is more foolish than her. She sings better than him. Who do you love?

RULE III.

The pronouns *who*, *whom*, and *whose*, are used with respect to persons only; the pronoun *which*, with regard to things; except when it is an interrogative: as, The man *who* is truly wise; the *whom* I love; the man *whose* breast is pure: *which* man do you mean?

Errours.

The question whose solution I desire. The man *which* I met. Our Father *which* art in heaven.

RULE IV.

A Preposition requires the Following state of a pronoun after it: as, He gave it to me.

Errours.

Between you and I. Who did you give it to? Who did you get it from? Who do you deal with?

RULE V.

The verb *to be* ought to have the Foregoing state of a pronoun after it; as, It was *he* that did it: unless it be in the infinitive mode; as, I took it to be *him*.

Errours.

It was him who spoke so well. That is her who sung so charmingly. It is me. It was them.

RULE VI.

Double comparatives and superlatives are improper.

Errours.

This is more better than that. John is more wiser than Thomas. George is the most strongest.

RULE VII.

In the perfect and imperfect times, the proper forms of the verb must be carefully attended to.

Errours.

He would have spoke. The men have strove. He hath bore witness. I have chose this man. The bending hermit here a prayer begun.

RULE VIII.

Two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative, and should not be used together *.

Errours.

I cannot by no means allow. I would not do it upon no account. I could not get nobody. I don't choose no more. I can't eat none.

*Additional Exercises in Grammar; or Impro-
prieties in the choice of words.*

Adjective.—After the most straitest sect. Whosoever of you will be chiefest. The sea's extremest border. The tongue is like a race horse, that runs the faster the lesser weight it carries. The strongest of the two. I can't give no more. The laws of this country allow of no place, nor no employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes.

Pronoun.—Who love I so much. Whoe'er I woo. I can tell who loves who. Whom do men say that I am? Who should I meet the other night. Who should I see. Suspecting I know not who. It is not me. There's not a wretch that lives on common charity, but's happier than me. Who servest thou under. Who do you speak to. Our Father which art in heaven. You are a greater loser than me by his death. She suffers more than me. To prepare the Jews for a prophet mightier than him.

If

* By attending to these few rules, almost all the grammatical errors which abound in writing and conversation would be avoided.

If the King give us leave, you or I may as lawfully preach as them that do. The lover got a woman of a greater fortune than her he missed. Not her: not him. He told my lord and I. My father and him are very intimate. Can any person, on their entrance into the world, be fully secure that they shall not be deceived. Let each esteem another better than themselves. Milton is, of all others, the sublimest writer.

Verb.—Knowing that you was my old master's friend, I had rather not. The country was overflown. He would have spoke. Words interwove with sighs. Hath stole them from me. You have swam. You had began. The years have ran. Have sprang. He has wrote. His voice was broke. No civil broils have arose. Some philosophers have mistook. I have drank. I had drank. He might have took. There's two or three of us. Great pains has been taken. There was more than one. If a man's temper was at his own disposal. And so was also James and John. I thought to have written last week. History painters would have found it difficult to have invented such a species of beings. Why do ye that which is not lawful to do. He had dedicate. They will be prosecute. In proportion as either of these qualities are wanting. Every one of the letters bear date. Neither of them are remarkable for precision. Neither of them were there. Whatever related to ecclesiastical meetings, matters, and persons, were to be ordered. Speaking impatiently to servants, or any thing that betrays inattention or ill humour, are also criminal. The mechanism of clocks and watches were totally unknown. The number of inhabitants were not more than four millions.

Adverb.—Excellent well. Marvellous graceful. Extreme unwilling. He behaved himself conformable to that blessed example. I shall endeavour hereafter to live suitable to a man in my station. The assertions of this author are easier detected. I can never think so mean of him. Homer describes this river agreeable to the vulgar reading. After these wars, of which they hope for a soon and prosperous issue. Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities. Let a man

be never so great. Be he ne'er so vile, this day shall gentle his condition. If I make my hands never so clean. These are scandalous, and never were, nor never will be given but for scandalous services. Whether or no. Whether he will or no.

Preposition.—You have bestowed your favours to the most deserving. That variety of factions into which we are still engaged. To restore myself into the good graces of my fair critics. Accused the ministers for betraying the Dutch. He was made much on at Argos. He is resolved of going to the Persian court. To swerve out of the path. I dissent with you. In compliance to some persons. In justification to the best of Queens. The great difficulty of fixing just sentiments. The English were a different people then to what they are at present. To die for laughing. If you choose to insist for it. The history of St. Peter is agreeable with the sacred text. If I could prevail with you. He might have profited from experience. It is no diminution to their greatness, or derogation to their sufficiency. Something like this has been reproached to Tacitus.

Conjunction.—It is neither capable of pleasing the understanding or the imagination. There were no more but a hundred pounds in the bag. I was no sooner invested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies. Breaking a free constitution by the very same errors that so many have been broke before. I gained a son, and such a son, as all men hailed me happy. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended.

EXERCISES IN PRONUNCIATION AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

1. ABBREVIATE abdicate abjure abominable
abridge abstemious abstinence abyss academy ac-
cept accidental accommodate achieve acquiesce
adamantine addition adequate adieu admonish adven-
ture adverb.

2. Adulation advocate aërial affluent aggravation
aghaft agreeable alacrity alas algebra alledge allegory
alleviate almond altercation amanuensis ambassadour
amiable

amiable amphibious amphitheatre analogy anarchy
anchor anemone anatomy anniversary.

3. Antecedent anticipate antidote antique antiquity
apartment apostrophe apothecary apothegm apprentice
approximate aqueduct arbitrator archangel architect
aristocracy aromatic articulate artifice asparagus assembly
assiduity astronomy atheist.

4. Atmosphere atrocious attitude auditor aurora-
borealis automaton authentic autumn auxiliary awkward
axiom azure.—Bachelor backgammon baggage bagnio
balloon ballustrade banish barometer barbarity barricade
battalion bayonet beatific bedlam behaviour.

5. Believe belligerent benefactor benevolence bene-
ficence benign besiege bewitch bigamy biscuit biffex-
tile bitumen blasphemy blemish blockade bludgeon
blunderbuss boatswain boisterous bombasin botany bow-
ling-green bowsprit bracelet bramble breakfast.

6. Bridegroom bridewell brigade brilliant buffoon
buckle bumper burden bureau burlesque bury burial
busy business buxom.—Cadence calamanco calamitous
calico callous calf calve calvinism camera obscura cam-
paign candid canine canopy cap-a-pie carriage.

7. Capricious carnivorous castle catalogue catechism
caterpillar catastrophe cathedral cavalry caveat cauli-
flower causeway celibacy ceremonious cerulean chan-
cellor character chaos chasm chimera choler chorus
chord christian chronicle chymist chymical.

8. Chariot charity chastisement cherub chivalry che-
valier chaldron chimney chocolate cipher circumlocu-
tion citadel clandestine classical clergyman client climax
cluster cockney cocoa codicil coercion coeval coffee-
house cogent collation college colloquy colon.

9. Colonel colossus colour column comedy comic
comma commemorate commerce commiserate commo-
dious commonwealth company compassion compendium
complacency complaint composition compulsion concave
condemn convex conceit conciliate.

10. Conclusion condign condole confederacy confined
conflagration congenial congratulate congregation con-
noisseur conscience consequence consolation conspicu-
ous

ous constitution consumption contemporary contentment.
contingent contraband contrite.

11. Controversy convivial convulsion copious copper
coquette cordial cornucopia corollary correspond cosmography covenant covetous counterbalance counting-house courtier cousin coxcomb creator creature credulity cribbage cripple crocodile.

12. Crotchet crucifix crystal cupboard cucumber culprit culture curfew curmudgeon current cynic.—Daily damask dastard deafen debilitate debt decalogue deceit decoction decorum dedication defendant deficient deist deliberate delicious delinquent.

13. Demesnes démocracy denominate deportment deprecate depreciate derogate description desolation despicable despotic determined detrimental devotion diadem diamond diaper dictionary dilapidation dilatory dimple dining-room disburse disconsolate.

14. Discourse discriminate disentangle dishabille disingenuous dislocate dispense disseminate dissenter dissyllable dissipate dissolute dissuade distich distemper divisor dividend diurnal divulge dogmatical dolphin domestic domineer dominion dowager dragoon.

15. Dramatic dropsy dubious dudgeon duel dumb duplicate dutchess.—Eager ebony eccentric ecclesiastic echo eclipse ecstasy edifice edition education effeminate effigy eglantine effluvia egotism electricity element elephant ellipsis elocution eloquence elysian.

16. Elysium embellish embroider emergency emolument emperour empress encomium encounter encyclopaedia energy engineer enterprise entertainment envelop epicure epidemical epigram epilogue episcopacy episode epithalamium epoch epocha epitome.

17. Equanimity equilibrium equinox erroneous eschew æther etymology evangelical evil eucharist evening exaggerate excavate except exchange exclamation excrescence executive exemplify exhalation exorbitant exordium expedient experiment explicit.

18. Expostulate expulsion exquisite extempore extraordinary extravagant extremity.—Facetious facilitate fallacious fanaticism fantastical farewell farinaceous fascinate

fascinate feminine ferocious fertile festival festoon fiery
fillip financier finesse firmanent.

19. Fishmonger flagrant flambeau flannel flexible
flippant florist flounder flourish flower fluctuate foliage
folio footman foppery forehead forfeit formidable forti-
fication fortitude fortuitous fragrant frankincense fra-
ternal fraudulent fribble frigid frivolous.

20. Frontispiece funeral furlough furniture.—Ga-
laxy galley garrison gaudy gauge gayety gelid genea-
logy geography geometry gewgaw gladiator glutinous
glutton gnath gnat goldfinch gooseberry gorgeous gor-
mandize government grammarian.

21. Gratuitous gravitation grenadier grievance gro-
tesque gudgeon guitar gunpowder gymnastic.—Habeas-
corpus haberdasher half halfpenny habituate halcyon
hallelujah hammock handsome handkerchief harangue
harbinger harbour harlequin harmonious.

22. Harpsichord hautboy hawthorn hazard hazel
headach heathen hecatomb hemisphere heptarchy her-
baceous hereditary heterodox hexagon hiccough hiero-
glyphic highwayman history historian homicide homo-
geneous honest honour hospital heir.

23. Humour honeycomb hornpipe horror horse-
manship hosanna hospitable hostler housewife human
humane hurricane hyacinth hydraulics hydrography
hydrostatics hymen hymn hyperbole hyperborean hy-
pocrisy hypothesis hysterics.—Jessamine identical.

24. Idiom jewel ignis-fatuus ignoble ignominious
illegal illiterate illustrious imagination immaculate im-
mediately immense immortal immutable impartial im-
passioned impede impenitent impertinent implacable im-
potent impracticable imprudent impugn.

25. Incendiary incident inclemency incognito inco-
herent incomprehensibility indecent indefatigable inde-
finite indelible indemnify independence index indicative
indict indictment indigent indigo indispensable indul-
gent ineffectual inestimable inexplicable.

26. Infidel infirmary inflammatory infringement in-
flexible influenza ingredient inheritance inimitable in-
jurious innate innumerable insatiable inseparable insig-
nificant

nificant instigation instruction insuperable intellectual
insurrection intelligence intemperance intercourse.

27. Internal interposed interview intoxication intrigue introduction invariable inveigle investigate invincible invocation jonquille irony irrefragable irresistible isle island isthmus jubilee judicature judicious junior juvenile.—Kennel kindred kitchen kernel.

28. Kettledrum kidnap kiln kimbo kingdom kinsfolk kinsman knavery knife knight knocker knuckle.—Laborious laboratory lacquey laconic lammas landscape lantern lapidary lassitude latitude longitude laudanum lavender lecture legend legerdemain.

29. Legible legitimate leisure lettuce levity lexicographer libertine lieutenant ligature lineament linguist liquidate literary litigious loadstone logarithms loyal lozenge ludicrous luminous luncheon Lutheran luxurious.—Magazine magistrate magnanimity.

30. Machinate monarch magnet magnificent maintenance malcontent malevolence malice malign maniac manufacture manuscript marchioness marigold marine maritime marmalade martyr masculine masquerade material mathematics matrimony.

31. Mausoleum meander medicine mechanic mechanism mediator melancholy melodious memorandum mensuration merchant meridian meritorious metaphor metaphysics metempsychosis meteor metropolis mezzotinto microscope midshipman military.

32. Militia milliner mimic minstrel miracle misanthropy miscellany misdemeanour misrepresent missile mitigation mittimus mizzen-mast modesty molestation monitor monkey monologue monotony monosyllable monument mortgage mortification moveable.

33. Mountebank multiplication munificent muscle museum mushroom mutability mysterious mythology.—Nadir narcotic nasal navigation nautical necessity nectar necromancy needle nefarious nestle-newspaper niggardly nobility nocturnal notable notoriety.

34. Notorious noxious nuisance number numeration nutmeg nutriment nutrition.—Obdurate obelisk obligation obnoxious oblivion obloquy oblique obsequious observatory

observatory obstreperous ochre octagon octavo oculist
odious odoriferous ogle omnific.

35. Omnipotence omnipresence omniscience ontology
opera opiate opium opprobrious optics opulent oration
orator oratorio ordinance ordnance oriental orthodox
orthography oscillation ostentatious osteology ovarious
overthrow outrageous oyster.

36. Pacific palate palfrey palm psalm palpable pan-
daemonium panegyric pantomime paradox paragraph
parallel parallelogram parallelipedon parenthesis pa-
rentage parochial parsimonious pasquinade pastoral pa-
thetic pathology pathos partriarch.

37. Patriot pawn-broker peacock pecuniary pedigree
pendulum peninsula penmanship pentagon penurious
perambulate peremptory perennial perfidious perforate
perimeter pernicious perpendicular perplexity perqui-
site perseverance personify.

38. Perspicuity pertinent perturbation peruse petition
petulance phaëton phantom pharmacoplist phenomenon
philanthropy philology philosophy phlebotomy phrase-
ology ptisan phthitic physic physician physiognomy phy-
siology piazza picture.

39. Pilgrim pimenta pinion pinnacle pique poignant
placable plagiarist planet platonic plebeian plenipotentiary
plenty ploughboy polemical poltron ponton polyanthus
political polygamy polysyllable pomatum pomegranate
pomus poinard.

40. Populace popularity populous porcelain porcu-
pine porphyry portmanteau portrait possession post-boy
posterity posthumous postilion potatoe potential powder
practitioner pragmatist precarious preceptor precipita-
tion predestination.

41. Predicament pre-eminence prejudice preliminary
premature premeditate premier premium preparative
preparatory preposterous prerogative presbyterian pre-
science president presumption preterimperfect pretty
prevalence prevaricate primary primitive primrose.

42. Princess principle principal pristine privateer pri-
vilege probation problem proboscis procrastinate pro-
digal prodigious profession professor profligacy prog-
nostication

notification projectile prolation prologue promiscuous
promissory promontory promulgate pronounce.

43. Pronunciation propinquity propitious proportion
proprietor prorogue prosaic prosecute prosody prosopo-
poeia prosperity protestant protuberance provincial pro-
vision provocative prowess proximity prudence puerile
puissant pulsation pulverise puncheon punctilio.

44. Punctuation pungent punishment puppet-show
purlieu pursuiant purvey pusillanimity putrid puzzle
pyramid.—Quadrangle quadrant quadratur quadruped
quaere quagmire quality quantity quarantine quarrel
quarter quaternion quay querulous quiescent.

45. Quiet quietus quintessence quintuple quirister
quiver quote quoth quotidian quotient.—Radiant radius
raiment ragout ramification rancid ranunculus rarefy
ratiocination raven ravenous realize rebellion recapitu-
late receptacle receipt recipe reciprocal.

46. Reconnoitre redoubt redolent redundant rein-
force refraction regalia regicide rehearse relaxation re-
luctance remember remonstrance rencounter renuncia-
tion repartee repercussive replenish reprehend represen-
tative repugnant rescind reservoir residence.

47. Resignation resolute respectful resplendant re-
stitution resurrection retinette revenue retrospect rever-
berate reverend rhetoric rheumatism rhyme ridicule
risibility rivulet rogue romance rondeau roseate rotun-
dity royal rudiments russian rumour.—Sacrilege.

48. Sacrifice saffron salamander salique saliva salmon
saltcellar saltpetre salubrious sanctity sanguinary sapience
sapphire farcenet satellite satiety satire saunter scallop
scandalous schedule scenography sceptic sceptre schism
school scissars se'ennight scorpion scribbler.

49. Scripture scrupulosity scrutiny scrutore sculpture
sculptor secrecy secretary secrete sedition sedulous semi-
circle semicolon sensible sentence sentiment sepulchre
sequestration seraph seraphim serenity sermon serpen-
tine servile sewer shalloon shepherd sheriff shrewd.

50. Sieve signify signior similar simile simplicity sinew
singular skeleton slander slattern slaughter slender slip-
pery sloven slumber social sociable socinianism sojourn
solace

folace solar folder foldier solemnize solicit soliloquy solitude solo solstice somniferous sonnet.

51. Sophistry soporiferous sovereign spacious spangle spaniel sparkle spasm specify specific spectacle spherical spinage spinster spiritual splendid splenetic spontaneous spurious squander stammer standard statics stationer statuary steadfast stenography stentorophonic.

52. Sterility sterling steward stigma stingy stipulate stirrup stoic stomach strengthen strenuous structure stubborn student styptic subjugate submissive subordinate subscribe subservient substantial substitute subterfuge subtle subtraction succedaneum successor.

53. Succinct sudorific suffice sufficient suffocate suggest sulphur sumptuous summer superannuated supercilious superficial superfluous superscribe supersede supposition supplement supremacy surgeon surreptitious susceptible suspension sword sycophant syllabus sylvan.

54. Symbol symmetry sympathy symphony symptom synominous syntax system.—Tabernacle taciturnity tamarine tantalize tantamount technical telescope temerity temperance tempest temporal tenacious torpid termagant terraqueous terrestrial theorem.

55. Thermometer tooth-ach thorough thunder thyme timorous tincture tobacco tolerable topography tongue tournament towards tradesman tradition tragedy traitor tranquil tranquillity transcend transfigure transitory translucent transmigrate transparent.

56. Treachery tremendous trepidation triangle tribunal trigonometry triple trisyllable triumph trophy truant truncheon tumultuous turbulent turgid turkey turpitude tutor twelvemonth twopence threepence typical typographical.—Vacancy vacuity vague vagrant.

57. Valetudinarian vanquish vapour variegate ubiquity vegetable vehemence vehicle venerable vengeance veracity verdict vermilion versatile veteran vexation vicinity vicissitude vigilance villanous vineyard vindicative virtue visionary vivify umbrageous.

58. Umbrella unison university vocabulary vociferation volatile volcano volubility voluminous voluntarily voluptuous voracious vouchsafe voyage upholsterer uquebaugh

quebaugh usurer utility utopian uxorious.—Waggon wainfcoat waistcoat warehouse warrior.

59. Wayward wedding weather welcome wherever western whetstone whimsical whirlpool whirlwind whistle whitlow whole wholly widow winnow winter witticism wizard woman women woodbine worship worthy wretched wrinkle write wrist wreck.

60. Wristband.—Yea yest yellow yesterday yesterday yokefellow yolk youthful yacht.—Zealot zephyr zodiac zoography zootamy.—Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday January February March April May June July August.

61. September October November December Christmas Easter Whitsuntide Michaelmas Martinmas Candlemas*.—Air ere e'er heir, all awl, altar alter, ascent assent, bacon baken, bail bale, ball bawl, bare bear, baize bays, bafe bafs, be bee, beau bow.

62. Beer bier, berry bury, blew blue, boar bore, board bored, bough bow, buy by, bread bred, brews bruise, borough or burgh burrow, call caul, cannon canon, ceiling fealing, cellar feller, chased chaste, chews choofe, choir quire, choler collar, chord cord.

63. Cion Sion, cite fight site, clause claws, climb clime, coarse course corse, council counsel, cousin cozen, cygnet signet, Dane deign, dear deer, dew due, doe dough, done dun, eaten Eton, yew you, eye I, fane fain feign, faint sent, fair fare, feat feet.

64. Phillip Philip, fir fur, flea flee, flour flower, foul fowl, frays phrase, frieze freeze, furs furze, gall Gaul, gilt guilt, grate great, grater greater, groan grown, hail hale, hair hare, hall haul, hart heart, heal heel he'll, hear here, heard herd, hew hue Hugh.

65. Hie high, higher hire, him hymn, hour our, I'll aisle isle, in inn, indite indict, kill kiln, nap knap, knave nave, knell Nell, knew new, knight night, knot not,

* In what follows, the words between the points are the same in sound, though different in spelling and signification.

The different meanings should be mentioned by the teacher.

not, know no, lade laid, leak leek, lead led, least left, less
 sen lesson, liar lier lyre, limb limn, lo low.

66. Made maid, main mane, mail male, mare mayor,
 marshal martial, mean mien, meat meet, medlar med-
 dler, mews muse, might mite, mighty mity, mown mown,
 moat mote, more mower, nay neigh, none nun, oar o'er
 ore, O oh owe, pail pale.

67. Pain pane, pair pare pear, palate pallet, paul Paul,
 pause paws, peace piece, peal peel, peer pier, place plaice,
 plait plate, pleas please, practice practise, praise prays, pray
 prey, principal principle, profit prophet, quean queen,
 rain reign rein, raise rays.

68. Read reed, red read, rest wrest, rheum Rome
 room, rhyme rime, rice rise, rye wry, ring wring, right
 rite write wright, road rowed, roe row, rote wrote, ruff
 rough, rung wrung, sail sale, scent sent, scene seen, sea
 see, seam seem, seas sees seize.

69. Signior senior, shear sheer, shoar shore, sloe slow,
 sole soul, soar sore sower, some sum, son sun, stake
 steak, stair stare, steal steel, straight strait, succour suck-
 er, tacks tax, tail tale, their there, threw through, throne
 thrown, thyme time, toe tow.

70. Too to two, vale vail or veil, vane vain vein, vial
 or phial viol, wade weighed, wain wane, wait weight,
 ware wear, way weigh wey, week weak, wood would,
 won one.

FINIS.



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